

# The Sketch

No. 1184.—Vol. XCII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

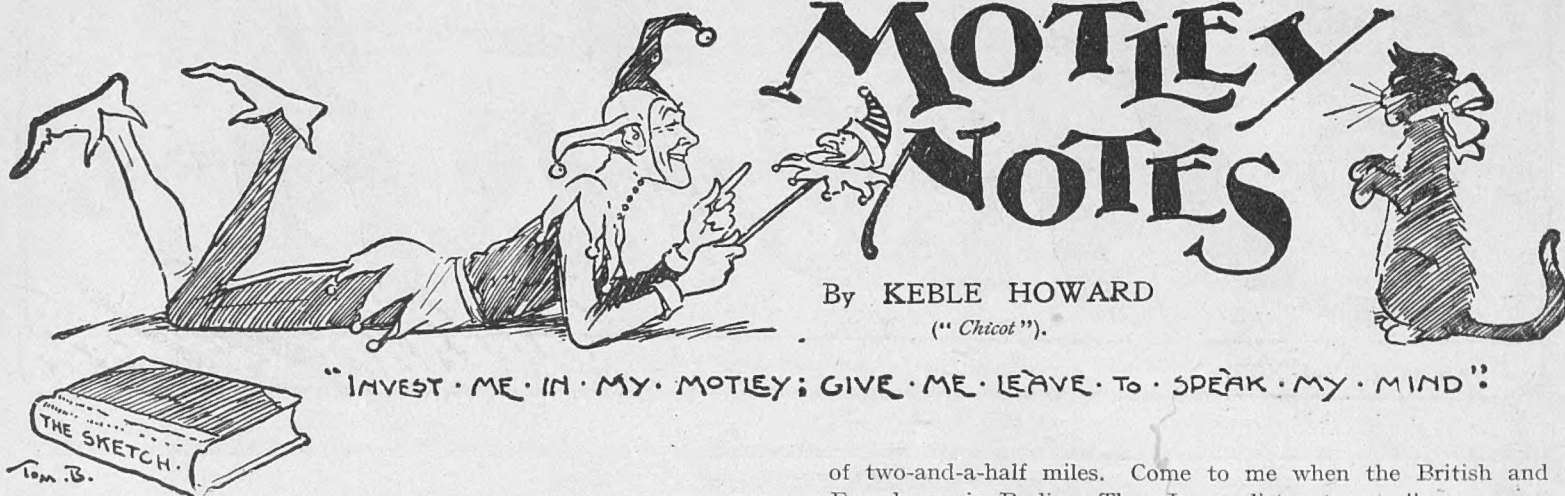


ENGAGED TO VISCOUNT CRANBORNE, HEIR OF THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY: MISS BETTY CAVENDISH,  
DAUGHTER OF LORD RICHARD AND LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH.

Miss Cavendish, who is eighteen, is the eldest of the family of four daughters of Lord Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish. Her father, who was wounded last May, near Ypres, is brother of the Duke of Devonshire. Her mother is half-sister of the Duke of St. Albans. Lord Cranborne, the elder son of Lord Salisbury, was one of King

George's train-bearers at the Coronation. He was in the Bedfordshire Regiment, but is now in the Grenadier Guards. He was invalided home from the front in June, and had to undergo an operation. He has just passed his twenty-second year. This Cavendish-Cecil engagement has naturally created widespread interest.—[*Photograph by Speaight.*]





**A Lonely Soul.** It was the day after the glorious double victory in the West. The club was all alive with cheerful chatter. Even the optimists were surprised. At the best and worst, they had expected to hold the line—nothing more. Yet here was the tape still ticking out details—

OUR CAPTURES NOW AMOUNT TO  
53 OFFICERS,  
2800 MEN,  
18 GUNS, AND  
32 MACHINE-GUNS.  
20,000 UNWOUNDED PRISONERS TAKEN IN ALL.  
ALL POSITIONS HELD.  
THE FRENCH SMILING BUT CALM.

And on the top of that, to prove the truth of the maxim that "all good things are three"—

#### NEW SUCCESS FOR THE RUSSIANS.

Yes, it was a pleasant picture, because every man there, fighter or civilian, had contributed to the victory, every man had suffered. I looked at the glow of the pipes and cigarettes; I saw the waiters busy; I heard the soda-water corks popping.

And then I saw the lonely soul.

**Incorrigible.** He was not an old man. He might even have been mistaken for a young one if his mouth had not turned down quite so much at the corners, and his eyebrows descended quite so far over his eyes. He had found a seat in a corner, and there he crouched, snarling at the general merriment, a little-known and less-read weekly paper clutched fiercely in his hand.

I approached him. I knew that I should receive no welcome, but I felt bound, as a student, to analyse his humour on such a day.

"Good news at last!" I began, with intentional blatancy.

"I haven't heard it," said the Pessimist.

"Haven't you? Then I'll tell you. The British and the French, acting conjointly—"

"Newspaper muck!" he growled. "I don't want to hear any of your newspaper muck! 'Acting conjointly'! Bah! Stuff! As if the British and the French ever acted conjointly!"

"Very well, then. We'll waive that. Acting coincidentally, let us say. The main point is that they have broken through the first German line, advanced two-and-a-half miles on a line many miles in duration, taken twenty thousand—"

"I've read all about that," he growled. "I thought you meant something really important."

#### Safety in Futurisms.

"But don't you call all that important?" I persisted.

"No, Sir, I do not."

"May I ask what you do call it?"

"I call it a fluke in the first place—"

"How do you define a fluke?"

"Never mind. And I call it a trap in the second place."

"Rather an expensively baited trap."

"The Germans can afford it."

"So they have always said."

"And it's the truth. Don't come to me with your little tales

of two-and-a-half miles. Come to me when the British and the French are in Berlin. Then I may listen to you."

"Did any responsible person ever tell you that we meant to get to Berlin?"

"Yes. Come to me when that happens."

"But would you admit, even then, that the Allies were victorious?"

"No. I should still tell you that the whole thing was a trap! That the day of retribution will come for England! We may not live to see it! But England, Sir, is tottering to a fall!"

And then his keeper led him, very gently, to the waiting cab.

#### "What the Navy is Doing."

It is really very remarkable, very remarkable and noteworthy indeed, that there should be room in an English newspaper for an article under the heading, "What the Navy is doing." Yet we are all accustomed to such articles, and they are not written without reason.

Can you imagine the lack of imagination which ignores the position of the British Navy in this War? I find it difficult, but I am assured that some people think only of the Army. They cannot see the Navy, and they are quite unable, therefore, to realise the tremendous majesty, the tremendous might, the tremendous gripping force of the Navy. If they saw a huge, drunken bully hacking out in all directions with his hob-nailed boots, and if they further perceived that the drunken bully was firmly pinioned as to the arms by two much larger and stronger policemen, they would understand that. They would at once say, "Oh, he can't do much because the police have got 'im."

But because, in this case, they do not see the police, because they have merely been told that the police have got him, they cannot believe it. They see that the bully is merely hacking out with his boots and not with his fists as well; they know there must be a reason; yet they are utterly incapable of believing in the existence of those invisible police. Well, so much the more blessed our state, friend the reader. We can indulge in a little legitimate smugness.

#### Lord Kitchener's Prophecy.

"For England expects—I forbear to proceed;  
'Tis a maxim tremendous but trite;  
And you'd best be unpacking the things that you need  
To rig yourselves out for the fight."

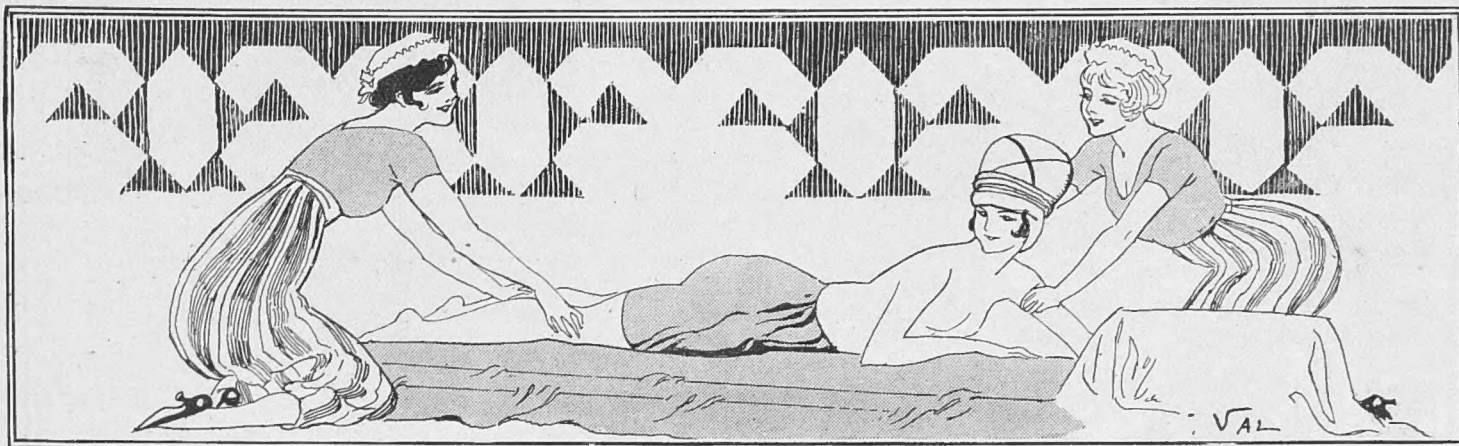
The Bellman was right. The War is beginning at last. Lord Kitchener said it would begin in May. It shows the faith all men, without exception, place in Lord Kitchener that the nation was surprised when the War did not begin in May. We expected him to be correct to the minute. Some people seized the opportunity to say, "What did I tell you? He knows nothing about it."

Yet, after all, Lord Kitchener was only a few weeks out. The War began as soon as the preliminaries had been cleared out of the way. What were the preliminaries? Oh, building up an Army, bottling up the German Navy, clearing the seas of all German shipping, taking away all the German colonies, getting rid of the best German troops, letting Germany get herself well hated all over the world, letting Germany spend the greater part of her money, letting the German people discover that the German Army was not invincible, getting together great stores of munitions, showing the world that you can touch the Englishman's pocket without making him squeal: a few little things like that.

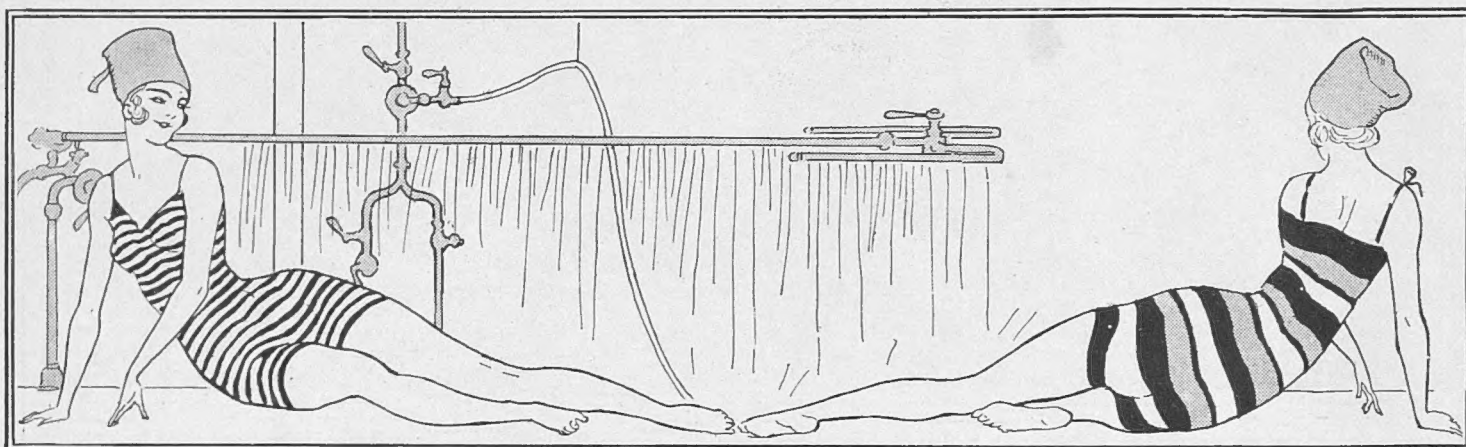
And then, last week, the War began. How naughty of Lord Kitchener to be a few weeks late!



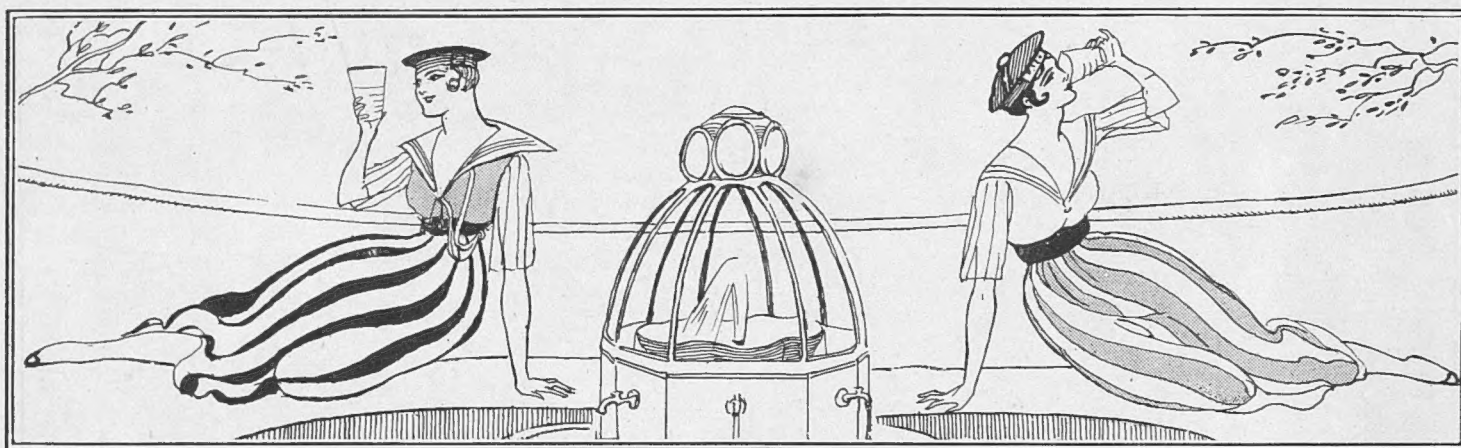
VANITIES OF VALDÉS : "CURES," 1915.



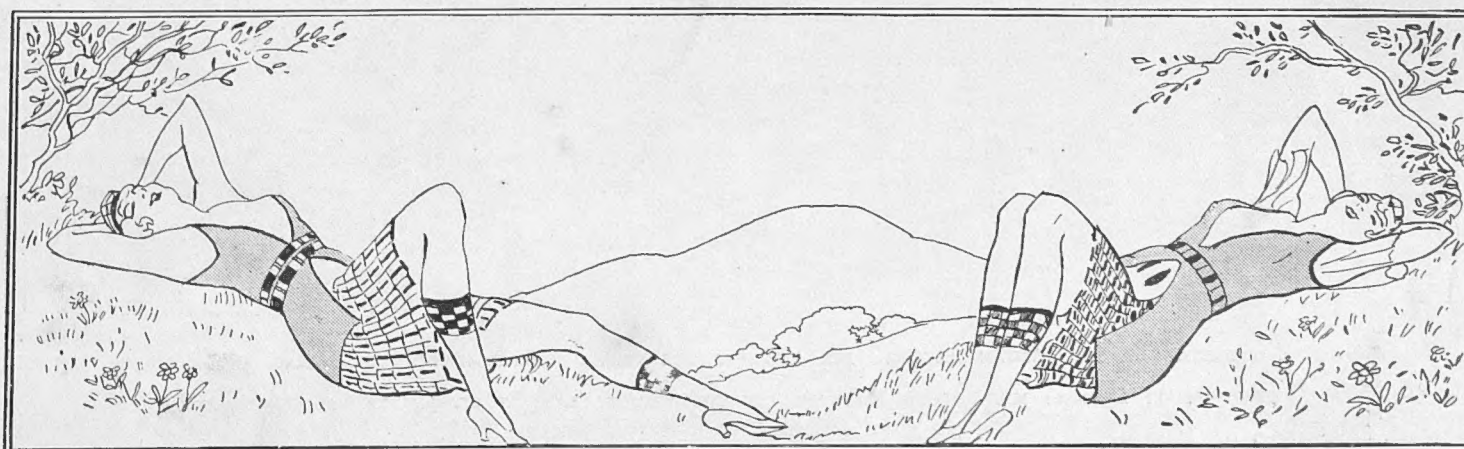
MASSAGE IN THE ORIENTAL MANNER—FOR THIS THE SPAHI TURBAN IS WORN!



THE TURKISH BATH—FOR THIS THE FEZ OF THE ALGERIANS.



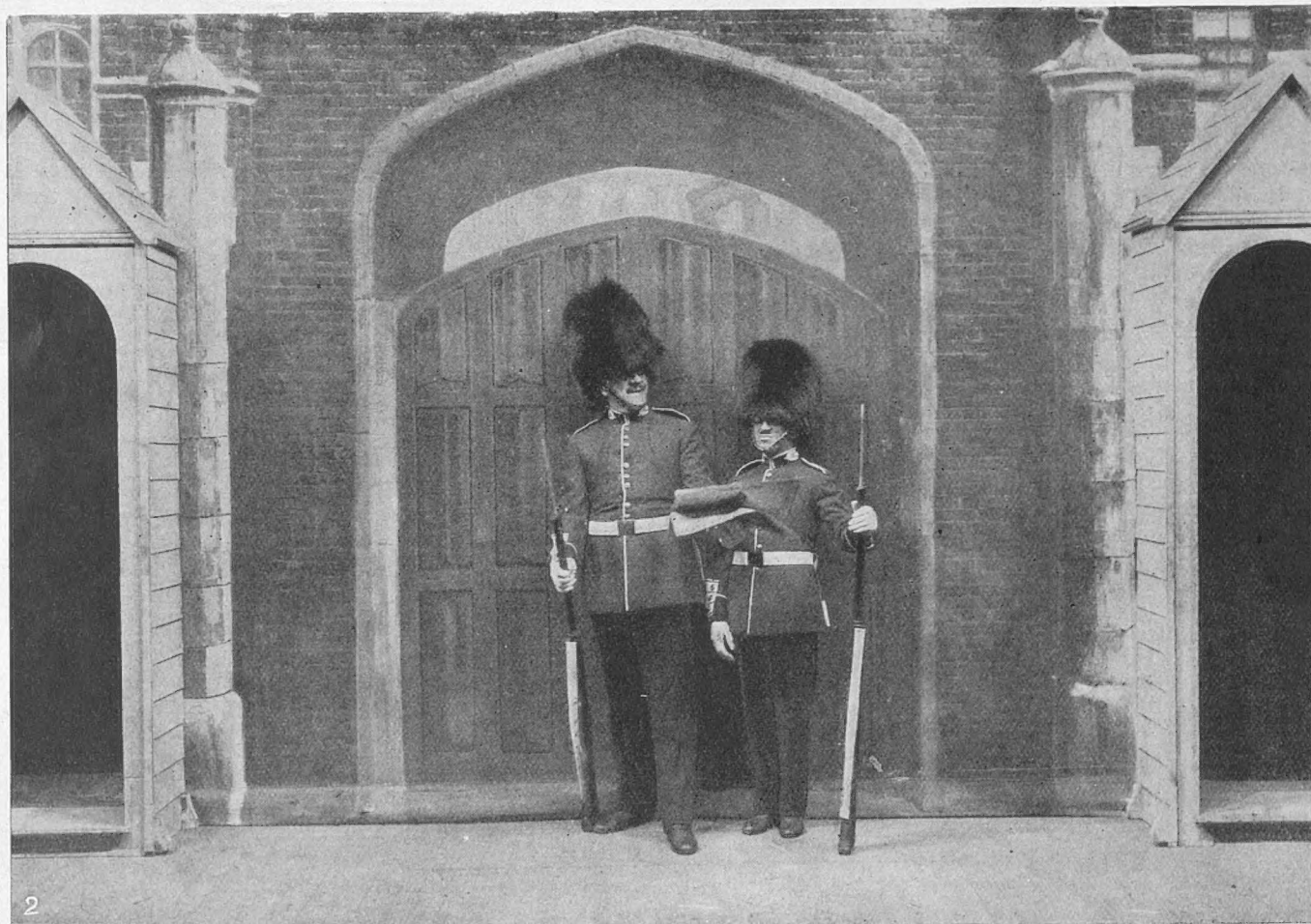
THE WATERS—FOR THIS THE COLLAR AND CAP OF THE ALLIED NAVIES.



EXERCISE—FOR THIS THE SCOTTISH KILT!



## THE MILITARY TOUCH: RED COATS IN "BRIC-À-BRAC."



1. PRESENTING A WELL-KNOWN PICTURE: THE "FOLLOW THE DRUM" INCIDENT IN "BRIC-À-BRAC."

2. SENTRIES SOMEWHERE IN LONDON: MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR AND MR. NELSON KEYS, AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE—OUTSIDE ONLY, SINGING "THE OPTIMIST AND THE PESSIMIST."

The military touch is evident, of course, in "Bric-à-brac"; but there is no khaki. In the period of "Follow the Drum," of course, the present uniform was unknown;

and even in the scene outside St. James's Palace the sentries are given the old scarlet.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



SNAPPED FROM THE WINGS: NOVEL STAGE PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. IN A VILLAGE IN MUMMERSET: THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER SINGS.

2. BEHIND BRIGHTON FRONT: MISS GWENDOLINE BROGDEN SINGING "ROSES."

Here are two stage photographs taken from an unusual position—the wings. Both show scenes in "Bric-à-Brac," the revue at the Palace, and in each is Miss Gwendoline Brogden, singing.





**SOBRIETY AND SANDWICHES : AN INDIARUBBER INDUSTRY : VANISHING PHRASES.**

**The Comic Side of  
"No Treating."**

The Treating Act is likely to create quite a number of farcical situations in ordinary life, and no doubt our farce-writers already appreciate this. That a man may not offer another man a whisky-and-soda in a club or a restaurant unless it is the accompaniment of a meal will very possibly drive companionable clubmen to adopt some of the subtleties that are employed in America in States where no man may drink any alcoholic liquor unless he does so while eating a meal.

**The Raines  
Sandwich.**

At every bar there were sandwiches for the man who wanted a long drink or a short drink. These sandwiches were never eaten, and one sandwich often did duty many times to enable thirsty Americans to imbibe. It was said that some bar-keepers caused sandwiches to be made out of indiarubber, and that these sandwiches were washed every morning before being placed under a glass cover on the bar. We shall know in good time whether a sandwich will pass muster in London as a meal. At Newhaven, which is considered the town with model regulations against treating, bread-and-cheese is held to be a sufficient meal to justify hospitality in drinks.

**Impoverishing  
the Language.**

Certain phrases will drop out of the language if the No-Treating law continues for any great length of time. "What's yours?" and "Give it a name" and "Say when" will no longer be heard. I imagine that the No-Treating order will be a severe blow to the few restaurant bars and the not many buffets that still remain in London. The man in the black coat no longer makes a habit of going into a bar—and, indeed, only does so when he meets a friend and invites him to come somewhere and have a drink. The talk between old friends who have not met for many years will now take place on the kerb instead of alongside a marble bar; and even the closing of a bargain, which from time immemorial has been an occasion for liquid hospitality, will now have to be a dry proceeding. That it is illegal to lend another man money to buy a drink, and thus indirectly to treat him, shows that the authorities expect to encounter all manner of evasion.

**A Hard Time  
for Restaurants.**

One or two of the best-known restaurants have already hung out signals of distress in issuing communications to their shareholders concerning dividends—or rather, the lack of a dividend; and this is very largely owing to the decrease in the consumption of wines of all kinds. In any smart restaurant one can look along the line of the tables at any meal and see that aerated water of one kind or another has almost entirely ousted wines. A gold-foiled bottle in a pail of ice is now but rarely seen on a restaurant dinner-table. Supper has become during war-time

a non-existent meal, and supper and champagne were accountable for a great deal of the profits of a restaurant in peacetime. I daresay that the falling-off in the profits of the well-known restaurants also means a decrease in the profits of the smaller restaurants, and that Mr. McKenna knew of this and accepted it as one of the reasons for not putting a new burden on wines and spirits.



RIGHT WAY UP, THE BRITISH BULL-DOG; WRONG WAY UP, THE GERMAN EAGLE: A TOPICAL POT-POURRI JAR.

This ingenious "toy" was fashioned by that well-known artist, Mr. John Hassall. At the moment, it can only be had in the form of a small charm. Later, it will be reproduced in three sizes, as a pot-pourri jar. The bull-dog's head will lift off, that the flower-leaves may be put in.

**Guinea-Pigs Out  
of Fashion.**

It is curious to read that the dealers in guinea-pigs and white mice have almost entirely lost their trade. Evidently in war-time the small schoolboy finds some more sensational way of spending his pennies than in purchasing small animals. It would be interesting to know whether the toy-shop people who sell tin soldiers and toy guns and swords have found their business go up. A guinea-pig certainly is a very unwarlike animal, and possibly small boys do not know that white mice have their status in the Navy and are employed in submarines to make sure that the atmosphere is free from poisonous gas.

**Taxable Animals.**

There are some people who, before every Budget is disclosed, advocate some new tax on animals. Cats have often been brought to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's notice as being taxable creatures; but, the cat being a wandering creature, I am quite sure that when the tax-collector called to enumerate the cats in any particular house those cats would all have gone out walking, and the servants would disclaim any knowledge of their whereabouts and disown all ownership. No doubt, handsome Persians and other rare cats would have to submit to taxation, but I am sure the ordinary area pussy would go scot-free. A special tax on race-horses has also been more than once suggested, and I believe that Lord Randolph Churchill had the intention to impose a heavy tax upon them. But war-time is certainly not a period during which to tax the sires of the best cavalry mounts, and the race-horse of to-day is the sire of the chargers of to-morrow; and the reason that racing goes on at Newmarket with the full approval of the Government is that racing and cavalry work are in close relation with each other. I daresay the lap-dogs of the ladies might very well be taxed a little higher than they are. They certainly are not useful creatures, and the scream that serves as a bark to a Pom is very trying to anyone who lives in the next flat to the owner of one of these little animals. Useful dogs—watch-dogs and sheep-dogs and other dogs that have to do something for their living—might well be taxed at the present rate, and the purely ornamental dog might pay a bit more for being a professional beauty.



FROM THE DARDANELLES: "THE OPENING OF THE PARTRIDGE SEASON, 1915"—A PICTURE POSTCARD DESIGNED AT THE FRONT.



AS WE HOPE NOT TO SEE THEM: IN NEUTRAL CLOTHES!



ADMIRAL  
SIR JOHN R. JELlicOE  
K.C.B., K.C.V.O.  
as he would appear in a Hobberlin  
Made-to-Measure One-Button  
Cutaway Frock Coat  
Style No. 832



FIELD-MARSHAL  
EARL KITCHENER  
P.C., K.P.  
as he would appear in a Hobberlin  
Made-to-Measure Overcoat  
Style No. 819

AS THEY WOULD APPEAR IF HOBBERLIN HAD THEM AS MADE-TO-MEASURE CUSTOMERS: SIR JOHN JELlicOE  
AND LORD KITCHENER USED AS TAILORS' DUMMIES!

Daringly, you might say cheekily, a firm of American tailors are advertising certain of the clothes they make in the manner illustrated above. Our photographs are reproduced from their catalogue of autumn styles. Let us hope we shall not see our Commanders-in-Chief on sea and on land in such garb. They look much better in uniform!

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.





MUCH curiosity is felt as to the figure Lady Cunard will cut in Mestrovic's sculptured portrait, to be shown at the International. We know Mestrovic's muscular Slavonic heroes, and his portentous mourning widows; we know, too, the gruesome portrait of Rodin, half-satyr and half-cook, but Lady Cunard, in commissioning a bust, challenges the unknown. We wish her well. Lady Cunard, however, is not alone in braving the ordeal of the chisel. Among the Serbian sculptor's

earliest admirers in England were the Duchess of Rutland and her daughters, and at a famous luncheon at the Savoy, whither the little man in a long, black frock-coat had been beguiled by his new friends, he was besieged with inquiries as to sittings. Miss Nancy Cunard, if she appears on a pedestal, should, for one, make a delightfully robust and fresh contrast to the careworn heroines of Mestrovic's previous masterpieces.



MISS SYLVIA MARGARET BUTLER, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS ARRANGED TO TAKE PLACE ON SATURDAY LAST.

Miss Sylvia Margaret Butler (Mrs. Edgar Chester-Master) is the youngest daughter of the late Samuel Butler, and of Mrs. Burges, of Henbury Hill, Gloucestershire. Lieutenant Edgar Chester-Master is in the Royal Fusiliers.—[Photo. by Sarony.]

unworthy of exhibition? Mr. Churchill, it is reported, let a friend into the secret the other day. "My sitters, you see, won't let me send in the portraits; but the poor old sunset can't say 'no.'"

#### *Fair, and Difficult.*

Lady Gwendeline Churchill and Miss Nellie Hozier both sat to the new Internationalist, and both may well have been beyond his powers. Miss Hozier is as pretty as they are made, and Lady Gwendeline deserves the suave brush of a Lavery rather than that of a beginner. It would need a Sargent to do justice to Winston's other sitter—his wife. She is a second *femme aux yeux d'or*; and to call eyes golden is to admit defeat at once. Only a Master knows how to evade making a fool of himself—artistically speaking—when he comes to match them with a pigment.



A BEAUTIFUL WORKER FOR THE WAR: MRS. PATRICK DE BATHE.

Mrs. Patrick De Bathe, one of the most beautiful women in Society, was working with the Anglo-French Depot, at Dieppe, until she had to give it up for considerations of health. Her husband, Captain Patrick De Bathe, is serving as Train-Conducting Officer at the Front. He is the brother of Sir Hugo De Bathe.

Photograph by Yevonde.

#### *Libel and the Landscape.*

Everybody takes it for granted that Winston is to be represented at the "International" by landscape only. What has happened to the portraits? Before what secret hanging-committee were they judged to be

Athenæum, to which he had been elected long before his due time. His name now figures with his wife's on the roll of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.

#### *At Sussex Lodge.*

Last week Mrs. Hall Walker had the honour and pleasure of showing the King and Queen her hospital at Sussex Lodge. It is a thriving and cheerful institution,

Lord and Lady St. Cyres. Viscountess St. Cyres, who appears in the new list of Ladies of Grace of the Order

of St. John, is a daughter of the late Alfred Morrison, of Fonthill Park. Three years ago she married the Earl of Iddesleigh's eldest son, who in the eighteen-nineties had startled Oxford by his gravity and learning. He belonged to the minority; from the first he used his college as a place to work in. He was still quite young when he put Froude right on various points of history, and before he was twenty-one had thought all Pascal's thoughts over again, written various studies of the Quietists, and planned the life of Fenelon. It is said that marriage has made him some ten years younger than he ever condescended to be at Merton. His wife and a taste for such field labour as driving a plough and digging potatoes have helped to keep him from breathing over-much of the octogenarian airs of the



TO MARRY MAJOR WILLIAM STIRLING: MISS KATHLEEN HENRIETTA GARRATT.

Miss Garratt is the eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Garratt, of Bishop's Court, near Exeter. Major Stirling, Royal Horse Artillery, is the second son of the late General Sir William Stirling, K.C.B., and of Lady Stirling, of Tong, Shifnal, Shropshire. The marriage will take place shortly.

Photograph by Lafayette.

thoroughly characteristic of the lady. Whether she is running her own car or a hospital, filling up a racing-card or a ward for the wounded, she does it with the élan of a generalissima of all the vital forces. Racing, appropriately enough, was in the air when his Majesty visited Sussex Lodge. The success of a royal horse that week helped to recall King Edward's win with Minoru, a horse leased to his Majesty by Colonel Hall Walker. The King and Queen, like Colonel and Mrs. Hall Walker, at present give much more time and thought to the many incidents and objects of war-time than to happenings on the Turf.

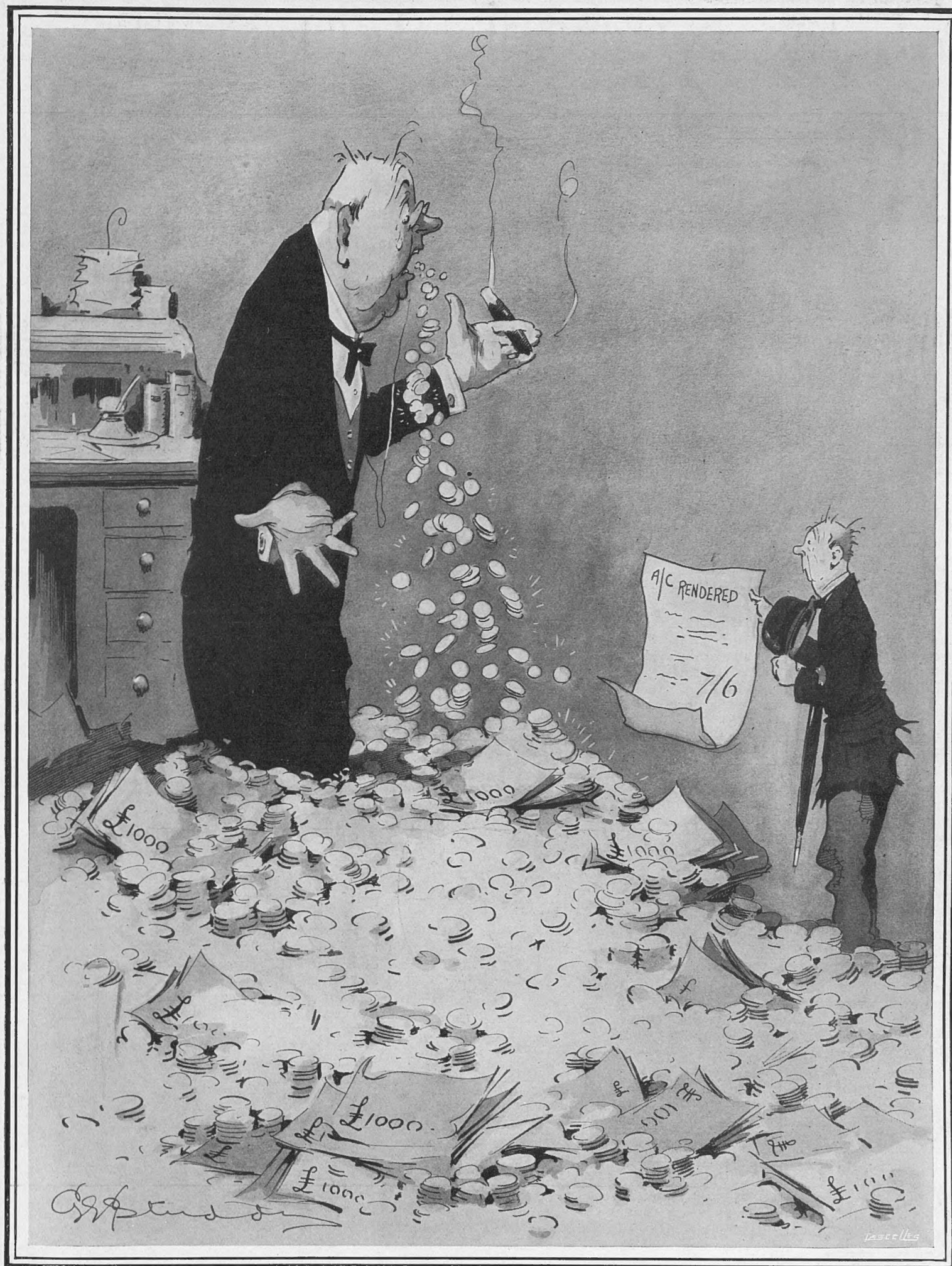


THE RETIRING LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, AND HIS SUCCESSOR: SIR CHARLES JOHNSTON AND COLONEL SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD (BARE-HEADED).

Our photograph, taken on Michaelmas Day, after the ancient ceremony of electing the new Lord Mayor for London, at the Guildhall, shows Sir Charles Johnston, who has won golden opinions for his dignified occupation of his high office during the past eventful year, and Sir Charles Wakefield, his successor, who is a Liverpudlian by birth, has been identified with the Imperial Cadet movement from the outset, and is Hon. Colonel of the Imperial Cadet Yeomanry, as well as of the Royal Garrison Artillery (London), both of which regiments are doing good service at the Front. He is Treasurer of the National Children's Home and Orphanage, is much interested in the League of Mercy, and has offered a prize of £500 for the first man to bring down a raiding German airship.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



*People who Ought to be Strafed.*



II.—THE WEALTHY MAN WHO TELLS THE CALLER WITH THE ACCOUNT ALL ABOUT HIS OWN WAR LOSSES.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Atlantic crossing has no terrors for Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who are on their way to New York. When last Lady Aberdeen was in the States, Miss Asquith was her companion. They stayed in Washington, among other places, and consolidated a hundred acquaintanceships into lasting friendships.

Those friendships now count for a great deal, and in fulfilling her promise to re-visit the States Lady Aberdeen is sure of something more than a social welcome. At the present moment private correspondence is the only true index of American feeling towards England. Quite unpublishable, from the point of view of neutrality, are the sheaves of letters that have reached Lady Aberdeen from Washington since the beginning of the war, and nobody with correspondents on the other side is in doubt about the solidarity of American sympathy.

## The Mad-Capper.

The Service clubs received the news of General Capper's death without surprise. This fine soldier was in the habit of taking all the risks. To his staff he was known as "the Mad-Capper," a man daring almost to the point of foolhardiness. The grim humour of his soldiering made him very popular with his men, and nobody complained of doing the things he expected of them for the very reason he always seemed to make as many demands on himself as on the hardest-driven private of the line. "Can't do without their tea, I suppose," he said contemptuously, when he saw a trench-stained party struggling homewards after a solid three-weeks' bout in the trenches. That he really admired his men no one doubted; but his manners were, to put it mildly, bluff. I know one young officer on his staff who has always said that with Capper it was a race between starvation and a shell. He never took time for a proper meal, and never cared a hang about shelter.

It has been decided that the little Belgian Princess whose studies in Antwerp were interrupted by Zeppelin bombs, is to go to the Ursuline Convent at Brentwood. The Ursuline Sisters are famous in many countries for their excellence as teachers, and are responsible, via America, for the upbringing of some of our Peeresses, and especially for their good French.

## The Unwelcome Guest.

Captain "Freddie" Guest's breaking away in the House—insubordination would be the military term for it—was an interesting event from the family point of view. He and the Wimbournes were, more or less, cousin Winston's own recruits to the Liberal Party, and at one time Mr. Churchill's counsels prevailed above all others at 22, Arlington Street, and at Alford House. Captain Guest was Winston's own private secretary, and it is easy to

recall the period when it would have been unthinkable that any speech of his should have been a direct challenge and embarrassment to Winston's chief.

## Cherub and Co.

Mr. Churchill looked in during the discouraged debate on Conscription, but the House found it impossible to gauge from his countenance (at once cherubic and gnomish) what were his thoughts about the gallant Captain's speech. The suggestion that he was content enough to let loose the family dogs of war on a Government that had deprived him of his First Lordship does not hold water; Winston's presence on the War Council is but one proof of the continued goodwill of the P.M. towards his artistic young friend.

## Unabashed.

Another "Freddie" supported Winston in and out of the House during Captain Guest's oration. This was Lieutenant-Colonel F. E. Smith, whose promotion has been speedier far than his namesake's—so speedy that it has drawn a congratulatory *ballade* from Mr. Jack Squire. It is not the first time that "F. E." has been put into satiric verse; Mr. Chesterton did it a year ago; and now the ex-galloper is addressed in gay rhymes, beginning—

O Bench! O battle! and O breeze!  
O duplicate job and double fees!

Somebody was reading them in the smoking-room the other day when the Lieutenant-Colonel entered; the reading came to an abrupt end, and the verses were smuggled into a pocket. And the first thing that "F. E." did was to hand over his own copy of the *Herald* with, "Read that: it's great!"

## He Stoops to Conquer.

Until the other day, Mrs. Despard was always very chary of mentioning her brother. As a campaigner in an unpopular cause, she used to feel it was kinder not to hitch herself on to Sir John. But now everybody at home is on good terms with everybody else, and Mrs. Despard's birthday recollections of a boy who never exaggerated, and whose report of success is likely, therefore, to mean a success in good sooth, are very welcome. Mrs. Despard has faced a volley herself—a volley of stones from anti-Suffrage demonstrators (let us hope they are now aiming at a more manly target)—and her upright figure and grey-veiled head are

very familiar in London. For uprightness she easily beats her brother—but, then, she is not an officer of the British Army! Both Mrs. Despard and her famous brother might well take for their motto "Thorough," for, once convinced of the rightness of their case, neither would give in.



MARRIED, ON OCTOBER 5, TO CAPTAIN BERTRAM ARKWRIGHT, ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS: MISS JUDITH BEADON.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN H. M. CHETWYND - STAPYLTON: MISS MURIEL GOSLING.

Captain H. M. Chetwynd-Stapylton is in the Royal Field Artillery. His marriage to Miss Muriel Gosling is arranged to take place at the end of the present month, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, S.W.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT LUKE HANSARD: MISS RENE JUTA.

Miss Juta is the elder daughter of Sir Henry Juta, Judge-President of the Supreme Court of South Africa, and Lady Juta, of Cape Town. Lieutenant Luke Hansard, R.N.V.R., is the only son of Colonel and Mrs. Hansard. The wedding will take place, quietly, from Stanton Harcourt, Oxon.

Photograph by Vandyk.



TO MARRY MISS DOROTHY EALES: LIEUTENANT ERIC HUDSON ALLEN. Lieutenant Eric Allen, the Buffs, is the younger son of Brigadier-General A. F. Whitacre Allen, C.B., the Buffs.

Photograph by Swaine.



MARRIED, ON OCTOBER 5, TO MISS JUDITH BEADON: CAPTAIN BERTRAM ARKWRIGHT, ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ERIC HUDSON ALLEN: MISS DOROTHY EALES. Miss Eales is daughter of the late Major Lionel Eales, the Buffs, and grand-daughter of the late Major-General Sir Charles Pennington.

Photograph by Swaine.



## NOT "BUDGETED TO A STANDSTILL": AT PHŒNIX PARK.



A KEEN SPORTSMAN AND HIS FIANCÉE: LORD DE FREYNE  
AND MISS VICTORIA ARNOTT.



A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF A LORD CHANCELLOR, AND HER HUSBAND:  
MR. AND MRS. CLIFFORD LLOYD.



TWO WELL-KNOWN PATRONS OF THE TURF: MRS. BATTEN  
AND THE HON. MRS. ROBERT DEWHURST.



A VISCOUNTESS WITH HER BROTHER: LADY TORRINGTON  
AND LIEUTENANT A. G. SOURAY.

Given fine weather, and it would take more than a war wholly to kill the interest of sportsmen and sportswomen in an Irish race-meeting; and as the weather was more than usually favourable for the Phoenix Park September Meeting, the assembly proved both large and fashionable, and the racing was of even more than usual interest. Among those present were Lord De Freyne, with his fiancée, Miss Victoria Arnott, who is the youngest daughter of the popular Baronet, Sir John Arnott, and has a twin-sister,

Miss Mary Christian Arnott. Lord De Freyne succeeded his father, the fourth Baron, in 1913. Mrs. Clifford-Lloyd is a grand-daughter of the late Sir Edward Sullivan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and is the sister of the present Baronet. The Hon. Mrs. Robert Dewhurst is the wife of Captain Robert Dewhurst, and aunt of Lord Churston. Lady Torrington was, before her marriage, in 1910, Miss Eleanor Souray, and is a daughter of the late Mr. Edwin Souray.—[Photographs by Poole.]





## LORD ATHLUMNEY.

LORD ATHLUMNEY knows his ground as thoroughly as Hindenberg knows the Marshes. He is the Joffre of the London District, with a calculating eye focussed on the Labyrinth of the West End. His knowledge of London was, of course, built up on a peace basis. As a man about town, with his headquarters in Charles Street, he has lived within two minutes' walk of the Green Park, the Berkeley, the Ritz, of Piccadilly and St. James's Street. His remotest London club could be regarded as a sort of annexe to his private dwelling, and in a London of taxicabs he could time himself to get to any of the places worth getting to in a matter of five minutes.

**A War Change.** We now speak of Lord Athlumney before the war. A popular member of the Guards', of the Turf, and of White's, he has been recognised as one well versed in the ways and means of Club land. Add to this (to get a superficial notion of the man) a very pretty knowledge of restaurants, a judicious taste, if only as an adviser, in wines, cigars, and neckties; an inimitable manner with headwaiters, so that they are ever his allies in the grand campaign of a London season; and a very pleasant fund of military and social anecdote. His unusually extensive intimacy with the traditions and etiquette of the Army and with the usages of Army life have been revealed to the authorities, but in the ordinary way they have not been obtruded upon Mayfair. To Sir Francis Lloyd, who commands the London District, and is a fellow-member of the Turf Club, the many capabilities of his Provost Marshal have probably long been known, but to the chance acquaintance Lord Athlumney the martinet and disciplinarian was revealed only in October a year ago. The red trappings of a staff officer found him fully equal to his new responsibilities.

**Other Entanglements.** October, a year ago, the need for a knowledgeable Provost Marshal became very apparent. All the world was getting into uniform; and misfits, metaphorically speaking, were not uncommon. Even apart from such cases as take Lord Athlumney into the police-courts (there, if you like, is new ground for one whose tastes have never inclined towards the lowly scandals of Marylebone and Bow Street) there was abundant room for occasional dressings-down from a man of the world who is also a practised soldier. We know the part the night club plays in the elementary military careers of the Second Lieutenants. If only because London is necessarily a sort of waiting-room between stations, between home and the front, and the front and home, it catches the young officer in his idle moments, and caters for him according to the ways of idleness. The young officer is often no more than a boy released from school (Lord Athlumney

himself is an old Harrovian)—a boy keen to meet the bright face of danger, even if befogged in the smoke of the card-room. His wire entanglements, for a brief twenty-four hours maybe, are in partnership with cork and silver paper, and the powder that is most dangerous is laid on with a puff.

**Help!** Trivial breaches of discipline are the result, trivial enough according to the standards of peace, but more grave in war-time. To deal with the situation

in London a Provost-Marshall, whose office we once associated with shootings and floggings, was needed; and Lord Athlumney proved to be the War Office's most wise selection. Since then the call upon his talents has been considerable, and in the earlier part of this year Captain Sneyd, an officer of somewhat similar qualifications, was appointed his fellow-worker.

**The Family.** Lord Athlumney was born just fifty years ago. His youth was spent in England and Ireland. As a precocious Page of Honour in Dublin he guided three Viceroys in succession through the difficulties of vice-regal ceremonial. Already a critic of mankind, he was, besides, the youthful friend and philosopher of statesmen. Then came life, both ornamental and active, as a soldier. He got his commission in the Coldstream Guards, served with distinction in the Dongola Expedition, and commanded a battery of machine-guns in the South African campaign; he is a considerable landowner in County Meath, and sits in the House of Lords as Baron Meredyth. Two unmarried sisters have transferred their territorial affections from Ireland to Sussex; but the number of his relations is few, and he is spared the embarrassment of reprimanding refractory second-cousins. To his baronies there is no heir, but one must remember that the late Lord Athlumney was over sixty when the present Peer was born. It is a long-lived race; the fathers of the present generation of Somervilles made a point, seemingly, of being born before the Battle of Waterloo.



THE ASSISTANT PROVOST-MARSHAL: JAMES HERBERT GUSTAVUS MEREDYTH SOMERVILLE, 2ND BARON ATHLUMNEY.

Lord Athlumney, the Assistant Provost-Marshall, who is very active in London, himself has an excellent military record, having served with distinction with the Egyptian Army, 1800-95; the Dongola Expedition, 1896; and in South Africa, 1900. Lord Athlumney was born in 1865, and educated at Harrow, and was Page of Honour to three successive Viceroys of Ireland. He is a bachelor.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

**Tact and Tactics.** To Lord Athlumney, at any rate, belong the vigour and youth of a man keenly interested in the work that has fallen to his lot. For such work you need nothing of a Lord Kitchener's power or a Sir Ian Hamilton's sensibility. A soldier of the Kitchener type would be a bull in a china-shop among the small problems of the world of junior officers; and yet for a modern Provost Marshal you need a man so sharp that he is in constant danger of cutting himself. For Lord Athlumney's job, tact is every atom as important as tactics, and he has abundance.



WIFE OF LORD HOLLENDEN'S HEIR: A PROUD MOTHER.



*A Potential Peeress.*

A FRIEND OF PRINCESS MARY: THE HON. MRS. GEOFFREY HOPE MORLEY, TO WHOM A DAUGHTER HAS BEEN BORN.

The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Hope Morley is the wife of the eldest son of Lord Hollenden, and has just presented her husband with a little daughter. She is a great friend of H.R.H. Princess Mary, who was present at her wedding last year, and signed the register after the ceremony. Before her marriage, she was the Hon. Mary Sidney Katharine Almina Gardner, and is the third daughter of Lord Burghclere. She was

born in 1896. Mr. Geoffrey Morley's grandfather was Mr. Samuel Morley, the famous philanthropist, who was Member of Parliament for Nottingham, 1865-6, and for Bristol, 1868-85, and did an immense amount of good work for the poor and for the working classes of London, both from the educational and the purely philanthropic points of view. Lord Hollenden was Governor of the Bank of England, 1893-5.

*Photograph by Val l'Estrange.*





## TALKING THROUGH OTHERS' HATS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

MANY thanks to "T. S. H." for his appreciative letter and the photograph. What a magnificent gee-gee! Almost worthy of its master! How did you both manage to stand so still? You look like an equestrian statue. Do you know that I have another photograph of a fine black war-horse? It has been called Phrynette. What is the name of yours?

It flatters me enormously that a big, serious-looking soldier-man like you, with such a stern moustache, should be amused at my stuff and nonsense. Thank you, and I wish you a lovely long leave.

Are you at all Bohemia-bent? No; you do not look it.

Well, perhaps what I am going to tell you may interest others. When they come up on leave, after they have dined and wine in the orthodox manner at the "swish" traditional restaurants, perhaps it may amuse them to have a meal such as most of them have never had before in a place they have never heard of. Raw fish deliciously preserved, sea-weed salad, saki, stewed eels, boiled rice, pale tea, and sauces that defy the analysis of the senses. It may not look luscious on paper, but in reality—and in those quaint, three-cornered, little painted plates—it proved a most satisfying supper. I shall often go and feed on funny, forkless fish dishes at that little Japanese eating-house. There is just one room, and one man who is manager, proprietor, cook, cashier, waiter, buyer, and errand-boy. I don't know whether he is an accomplished errand-boy, as I am ignorant of his interest in marbles and dog-fights, but I can answer for his success as a cook! Those eels—oh, my ancestors! I wonder whether he would give me the recipe? If you'd like to taste them, the place I mean is in Carnaby Street, quite close to Murray's.

Speaking of night-clubs, a big black bird—a bird of bad omen—told me that "authorities" were contemplating their closing up.

They say—oh, you know: what they have been saying ever since the world—the war, I mean—began! That it's not fitting that some should fox-trot while others fight—they forget that it is the same people, you dear friends, who fox-trot and fight in turn and by their leave. They say that you go back more tired after your rest than when you came over. Of course, you and I know they are wrong. They have forgotten the poor old bent-back "authorities," the power of music and motion over muscles—as good as massage, isn't it? There's nothing like a ball-room floor for stiff knees. I would protest if I were you. Why don't you send a prospectus, or a petition, or whatever it is called, with all your names on it, and the reasons why you like fox-trotting—you need not tell her name. If you wish, I'll put my prettiest hat on and take your circular to the proper quarters. And, speaking of hats,

I hope you have still kept in some old trunk your Eton topper. It will be just the thing for your flapper sister this winter. She'll fix in front of it one large buckle that had come from your great-great-uncle Marmaduke's red-heel shoe to rest in the curio cabinet, and then she can laugh at taxation. Because you know, of course, that our hats are to be taxed. I am looking forward to reading the details of this scheme, for it is the only thing about the Budget that I do really understand, and I just wonder how it is going to be done. You see, it is so hard for the mathematical male to grasp the value of a hat. No, I was not being sarcastic: paying does not mean

realising—quite the contrary! You see, you cannot estimate a hat by weighing it, or gauging it, or measuring it! A hat, like all works of genius, happens or does not. The bulk or the material has very little to do with it. It is animated by a divine deftness, or it is just one yard of black velvet and two yards of fur edging—mere matter! Or again, a mass of felt without feeling!

And if we look under the brim there is another puzzle facing us. (No, Mlle. Typist, I did not mean a face puzzling us—I do know what I write sometimes.) You see, many women are shearing themselves these days—do be careful of your *e*, Mademoiselle! They think short hair saves time, that it suits them, that it does not get undone, that now they do men's work they find it amusing to have a masculine mane, and then they add airily, and as an after-thought, that, besides, 'tis the fashion!

Now, do you men like it? If not, you had better write home at once and praise the long plaits of your particular Melisande before all the locks are picked.

A young bride friend of mine whose husband is at the front had been wanting for many weeks to shorten her hair up to her ears—American child

fashion. She is learning to drive a car, and she says it's delightful feeling the wind blowing in your curls without having to bother about hair-pins; but she knew how much in love her husband was with her heavy blonde hair—the length of it, the lustre of it, the ripping ripple of it as it fell. "He will be wild if I cut it!" she thought. Then, being a woman, she found a way. She took her scissors and her courage in both hands, and her hair fell at her feet. She stood in the midst of it as in a heap of new-mown hay.

Three days later the fond husband received in the trenches a sleeping pillow, strangely soft and scented. He wept, when he opened it, at so much love, at so much thought, at so much abnegation. "For me," he sighed, "to rest my silly head upon—her beautiful, wonderful hair! By Jove, what a sacrifice!"

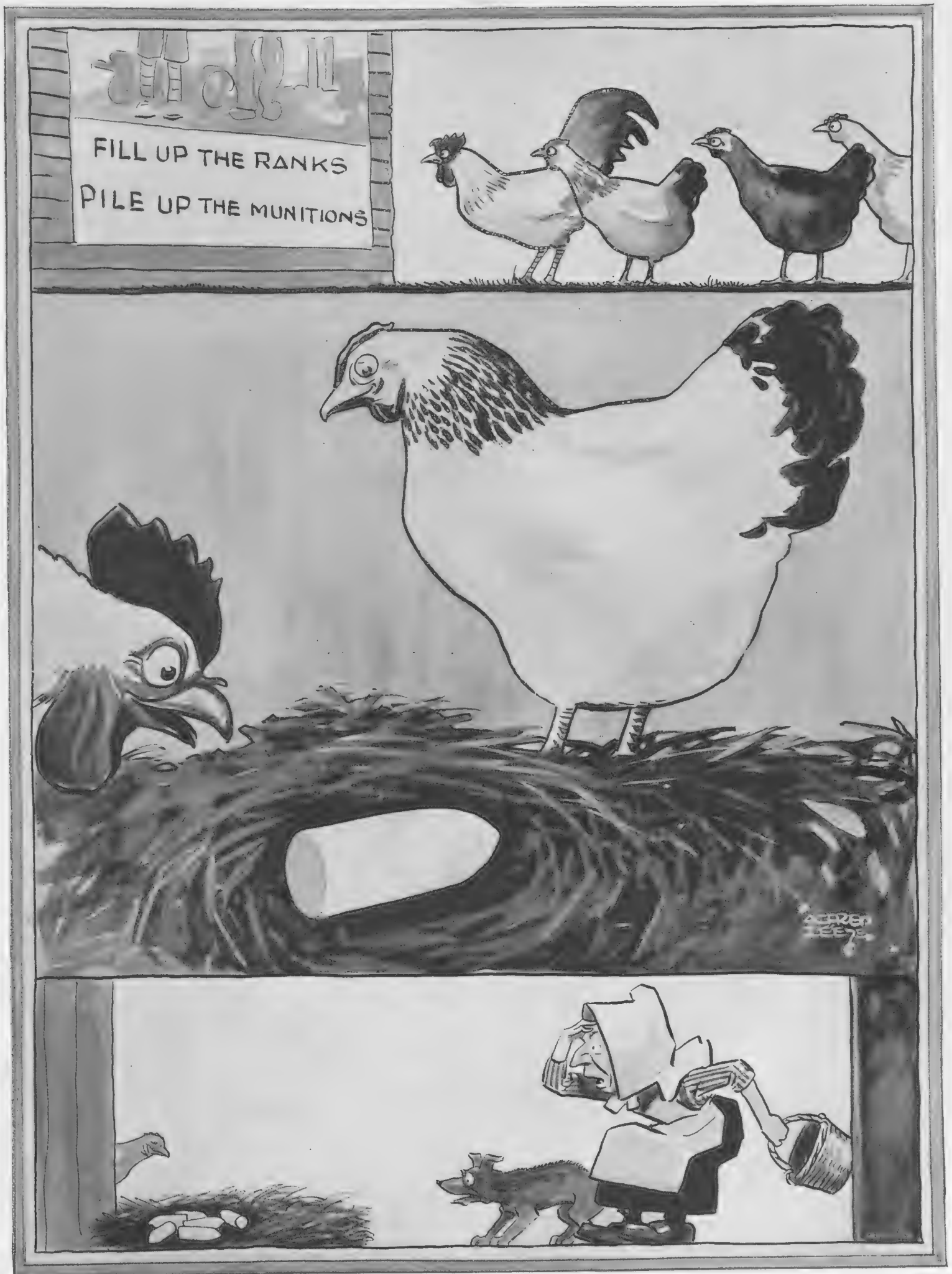


NOW THAT THERE IS GRUMBLING ABOUT USELESS PETS. WHY NOT KEEP USEFUL PETS?

DRAWN BY C. E. PETO.



SHELL OUT!



FARMER GREEN'S HENS ANSWER THE CALL

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE





By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

**War Strain and the Complexion.**

Their cares and pains the fair ones do bestow  
Not to please God above, but man below.

How to be strenuous in war work, and yet put literally a good face on matters—or, in other words, pay due attention to the complexion—that is one of the problems before women to-day. The mere



*Just a touch with the puff, not too much—but enough.*

culture of living beauty. "I've known much finer women, ripe and real, Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal," sings Byron, who, at any rate, knew what he was talking about.

**The Duty of Beauty.**

So long, in short, as we are agreed that a Marshal Niel rose has points superior to a mangel-wurzel, so long will woman be justified in making the best of herself, though the skies may be falling, instead of only Germany, as in this case. Women are willing to sacrifice a great deal in the common cause, but they must at least be allowed the little indulgences that enable them to remain women and not sink to the level of mere females. Some very silly people seem to imagine that there is an incongruity between the times we live in and a proper regard for the graces and even the decencies of life. They have been encouraged by Mr. McKenna's assault on hats, though it is improbable that that tax was suggested in the interests of dowdiness. For Cabinet Ministers, too, have their feelings, and cannot want a reign of general drabness. They know as well as anybody that beauty is a duty.

**Some Dangers of War Work.** The war, far from abolishing the usefulness of the beauty specialist, is actually increasing it. For the fact is that the strenuous character of women's activities just now—and who is there so unfashionable as to have nothing to do?—is not favourable to the preservation of a complexion of perfect purity. Nursing is a business of late hours, hurried meals, and constant hard work. It has, too, its full share of anxiety. It is even alleged that the scrutiny of the hieroglyphics on clinical thermometers has a tendency to produce a

particular kind of wrinkle most destructive to good looks. Then there are the coffee canteens. The constant bending forward to supply demands is perfectly ruinous to the delicate contours of the neck, and to counteract them properly it is necessary to have recourse to the mysterious arts that have their high temples in Bond Street and the neighbourhood. Women are learning to make shells; others—of whom the immortal Susie is the shining example—are sewing shirts for soldiers, others are driving motor conveyances as to the manner born. And these are all women of good birth and breeding, who have fully grasped the great truth that it is part of woman's business in all times and circumstances to look her best.

**Weapons of Venus.**

So it is no wonder that the beauty specialists, far from belonging to a declining industry, are having a very busy time just now, and are likely to qualify for attention of the tax-collector who is out for war profits. The order-books and appointment-diaries of some of the stars of the profession would astonish a good many people. As far away as Serbia Englishwomen who are doing heroic work feel the true woman's need of the beauty that is bought by the drachm or the ounce, and which, according to Shakespeare's libel, made those lightest who wear most of it. The number of packets of things for the complexion, the hair, the lips, the eyebrows, and so forth that enter the dominions of King Peter must be enormous. In France, too, our women are not content with local substitutes, but insist on having the weapons against wrinkles or redness that they found most efficacious at home.



*A delicate aid to nature is the new lip-salve in its many tones of colour.*

**No General Formula.**

As for those war workers who remain at home, the list of their requirements was never so portentous. It will not be the women's fault if, when the men come back, they find a falling-off in looks. It would be impossible here to indicate the ways in which the ravages of work and worry can be repaired. Indeed, there is no general formula. It is the greatest mistake to buy some widely advertised formula and apply it in blind faith. One man's meat is another man's poison, and what may be excellent for a rather puffy woman tending to fat wrinkles may be most inappropriate to her meagre sister.



*To ensure that the beauty of to-day will be the beauty of to-morrow, woman must guard herself against the ravages caused by anxiety and fatigue in these strenuous times, and seize with both hands the opportunities held out to her in the Cyclax Company's Salons.*

**A Haven of Rest.** The puzzled seeker after loveliness will find most of her difficulties (and lines) smoothed away if she visits some reputable practitioner like Mrs. Hemming, of the Cyclax Company's Salons in South Molton Street. Here, amid restful surroundings, war and its consequences seem very remote, and tired eyes and jaded nerves find rest and refreshment. It must not be imagined, however, that the cleverest specialist can do miracles without the co-operation of the patient. There is no royal road to a good complexion, still, to enlist science on one's side is half the battle; and though the road to beauty that Mrs. Hemming will probably indicate is not a primrose path, it is sure to be one that is well worth following.



THE PROFESSIONAL TOUCH.



THE ACTOR (*who follows the "Big Drum" system and attends funerals in the hope of being mentioned among the distinguished mourners*): Just back from dear old Joe's funeral.

THE ACTRESS: Many there?

THE ACTOR: Hundreds turned away, my dear; extraordinary House.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



## A CINCH IN TORN VALLEY.

By H. P. HOLT.

THERE are several ways of approaching Torn Valley, each being almost equally undesirable, and it is just as well to obtain precise instructions about the route before beginning the journey, for travellers have been known to leave their bones lying around to mark the place where they gave up the struggle. There was never any particular advantage in having reached Torn Valley beyond its solitary attraction—gold. The elusive yellow god was not waiting there with undue ostentation. No man packed his knapsack rapidly with nuggets and hurried to giddy places where he could wallow in assorted amusement in exchange for the metal. Those who dwelt in Torn Valley had to pay toll in the shape of work for their harvest, and if they worked hard the harvest was usually a reasonably good one.

If Torn Valley had been just outside London instead of being immovably fixed in an aggravatingly inaccessible part of the Rockies, its occupants might have been very numerous, in view of the attraction to the place; but, as it was, it had not much of a floating population. Some men died there when nobody could think of a way of curing their ills; some fortunate ones—one in Heaven knows how many—survived long enough to accumulate sufficient wealth for the rest of their earthly requirements, and headed for civilisation; and some worked for Hawk Flanagan. They did not form a regular staff. Hawk kept the solitary store where, besides kettles, candles, tinned beef, and many other things, he sold liquids variously flavoured. Some of his customers toiled hard all day, and sought joy in these liquids at night. They would doubtless have insisted that they worked for their own ends, but Hawk had his private opinion, though he was careful not to express it. He had waxed fat and opulent for years on these workers of his, and he had no wish to disturb the harmony of the proceedings.

In theory, no reason existed why there should not have been a second store and gin emporium in Torn Valley. The place was big enough to stand the two, but there were considerable difficulties in the way of opening up a business there, and Hawk Flanagan did not go out of his way to lessen those difficulties. He was not a generous-hearted storekeeper. It was an unhappy moment for him, therefore, when he heard from the lips of Pete Swanley some details of a new arrival in the Valley. An enterprising trader had, almost by a miracle, succeeded in landing among the community and bringing his stock with him; and he had not wasted five minutes in the place before he began to spread the news that he was there to set up a standard in price and quality that was new to the dwellers in that locality.

Hawk grunted as Pete imparted this interesting information, but he said little.

"He says he's only going to keep first-class liquor, too," Pete observed with savage delight, as he pulled a straw through his pipe and took stock of Hawk's expression. He knew the crafty storekeeper's soul as well as he knew his face, which just then was showing some signs of agitation.

"You can't buy a better whisky than that I've always sold," declared Hawk, who had almost persuaded himself people would believe the statement. It was known as "Flanagan's Coffin Polish" in Torn Valley, and Pete Swanley felt the moment was not an opportune one to argue the point; but Hawk did not like to see the ominous little smile on Pete's lips as he drank up and walked out of the store. Old Pete was one of the camp's leading spirits. Hawk had a lurking fear that the veteran would take an active

pleasure in luring the lambs of Torn Valley out of his fold and into that of the coming rival.

The new storekeeper was a man of action. He wasted no time in admiring the local scenery, and within three days of his arrival his business was a going concern—or rather, it would have been but for Hawk Flanagan.

It is no light matter to view the prospect of one's profits being cut down by half, or possibly more, with no chance of regaining lost ground. Hawk had spent some restless nights weighing up the situation. He had wriggled his brain until every conceivable point of view was perfectly clear to him. He had enjoyed a complete monopoly in the camp so long that he was probably one of the wealthiest men in the place. Either he had to put up with interference from the rival or accomplish some master-stroke, and he decided on the latter course, whatever it might cost. On the morning when the other thirst-quenching establishment flung open its doors for the first time, Hawk went into his back room, sought out a long strip of paper, and chuckled as he applied an ink-brush to it. A little later, his first customer blinked, and, hardly believing the good news could be true, rubbed his eyes when they fell on the notice—

ALL DRINKS AND OTHER GOODS HALF-PRICE.

"The glad hand for the new storekeeper, eh?" commented the customer; but Hawk disclaimed any such inhospitable intention. He explained that he only wanted to make sure the good folk of Torn Valley were not going to be subjected to exorbitant charges by any strangers.

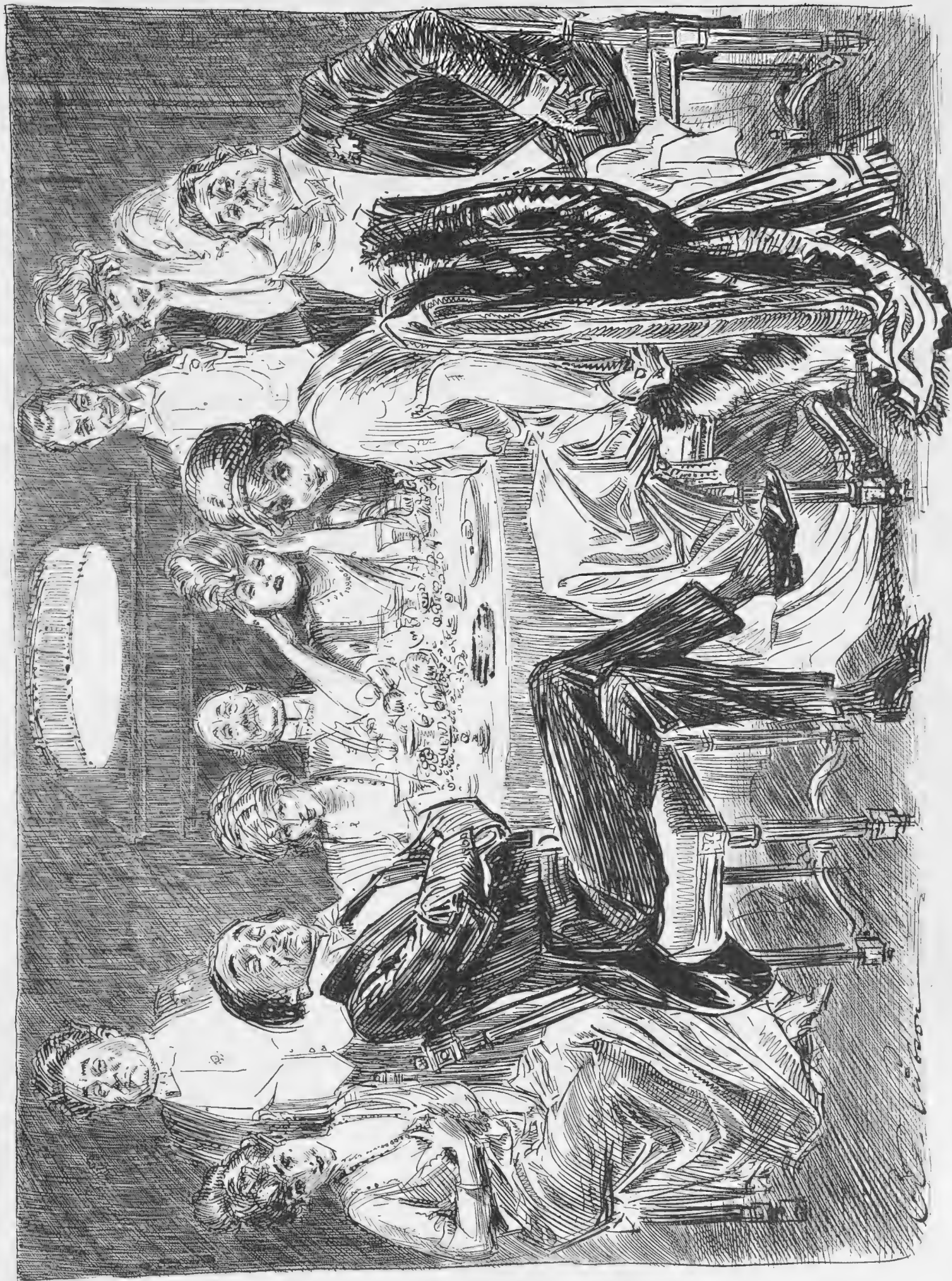
It is one of the regrettable features of human nature that "money talks, every time," and though nothing would have pleased many of the occupants of the camp more than to see the stranger go ahead and prosper, if only for the fun of observing Hawk Flanagan squirm, his trump-card of half-price for everything put a decided check on the rush to the newcomer. Apart from schemers, philanthropists, and fools, men will not readily pay double price unnecessarily for anything. At first there was a tendency to suspect Hawk was making up the deficiency, so far as the whisky was concerned, by the simple process of adding water; but the experts had several extra drinks at the reduced price, and came to the conclusion that it was no worse than before.

And so began the freezing-out of a comparatively honest trader. It was wormwood and gall to Hawk, for the reduction left him selling everything at cost price, and the worst of it was that his move set on foot the biggest boom in business he had ever known. He tried to grin and bear it all, but nobody believed he really liked it. Hawk had worked his theory out so that it seemed simple enough. It was better, he reckoned, to live for a week or two without making any profit at all, and squeeze the interloper into the cold, rather than to take no steps whatever and find his business crippled for all time.

Pete Swanley occasionally hinted that the neophyte was beginning to make headway, but Hawk was unmoved by these reports. He knew what was bound to happen in the long run. And in due course the inevitable occurred. The rival crumpled up. After a fortnight's wait, during which his takings would hardly have kept a hungry fly in treacle, he quietly packed his worldly goods and possessions, uttered a few honeyed phrases to Torn Valley in general, and Hawk Flanagan in particular, and went in search of

[Continued overleaf.]





"WAITING FOR THE FLASHLIGHT"—EVERYBODY'S DONE IT!

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

a healthier climate. Whether he succeeded in finding one or not has nothing to do with this story.

The day after Hawk found he had the field to himself once more his "half-price" sign got lost, and business was renewed on the old footing. He was too tactful to grin openly, but on the whole he felt there was no reason why he should not pat himself figuratively on the back.

Torn Valley continued its variegated career, and the storekeeper reigned supreme in his own particular way for a twelvemonth before further signs of trouble for Hawk cropped up. This time it looked a little more serious. The intruder was a hard-headed Scot with a jaw resembling that of a bulldog. He had travelled a long way to reach the camp, and very clearly announced his intention, when he landed, of stopping there.

Hawk shrugged his shoulders and displayed the "half-price" sign once more. It was painful, but it was a necessity. For a second time he did record business at disastrous rates; and the Scot, thinking it was only temporary bluff, held on for five weeks until his heart was nearly broken. With murder in his soul, he disappeared with his wagon on the track to the north of the camp at dawn one day, and again Hawk Flanagan had the laugh. He calculated that, with two such object-lessons to point back upon, he could rely on undisturbed possession for some little time to come, and it was therefore with an unpleasant shock that he made the acquaintance of Henry Simpkins. Henry had a startling growth of hair that veered towards scarlet, and Hawk was mystified when he first drifted into the store with a mountain guide at his heels.

"Funny sort of place, this," Henry observed. "They told me it was a howling city just dirty with gold. I'm not used to the wild and woolly life. You're the other storekeeper, I s'pose. Heard of you," he added, lighting his pipe carefully.

"And what might your business in Torn Valley be?" Hawk asked quickly, pricking up his ears at the last sentences.

"Same line as yours," remarked Henry. "They told me there was enough trade for a couple of us to do well, so I hope we'll be friends. I've put all my savin's into this venture, an' it's neck or nothing, because I don't mind telling you my savin's won't go very far. However, if there's anything I can do for you, you can reckon on me, and I'll hope you'll do me a like service. It's a bit awkward being among strangers sometimes, y'know."

Hawk Flanagan, in the course of a carefully misspent life, had met some odd specimens of humanity, but never anything quite like Henry Simpkins. If it had not been for the cases and bales piled up on the wagon at the door he would hardly have believed the evidence of his own ears. He gulped awkwardly before replying.

"You'd better move on, sonny," said the one and only storekeeper at last. "You haven't kinda got the idea of Torn Valley commerce in your napper. This isn't a home for invalids. There's a good pitch a couple of hundred miles to the south for the likes of you. I'm an old hand at the game, and it takes me all I know to scrape a living out of this forsaken spot. There's a reg'lar wave of temperance swept over our community, and, besides, they're all friends of mine. You take my advice and push along to a more promisin' part of the country."

Henry Simpkins rubbed his ruddy poll in perplexity. Clearly, it was not the sort of reception he had anticipated, and yet he was reluctant to absorb advice that sounded so good.

"Seems to me my friends must have been pulling my leg," he said slowly and with apparent sorrow; "but now I'm here I'll make the best of it."

"Change your mind, sonny, before it's too late and you're skinned as clean as a whistle," urged Hawk.

"You're a good sort," responded Henry, "and I'm sorry to run up against your business—though, to tell you the truth, I'm not in a position to go huntin' much further."

Thus did the third disturber of Hawk's peace of mind and financial prosperity arrive in Torn Valley. For the third time the "half-price" notice was displayed, and all that entered Henry Simpkins' establishment was fresh air. When he raised his voice loudly in protest against these sledge-hammer tactics, Hawk laughed, and Henry came nearer to tears than any man had been in the camp since its earliest history. He expostulated until he grew as red in the face as his hirsute thatch, but Hawk merely repeated his advice to the youngster to move on.

"I won't," Henry declared. "Some of the boys will give me a chance, I'll bet."

But Henry was being undersold overwhelmingly—so much so

that Hawk at times devoutly wished his trade were not so good. Three weeks—four—passed, and the red-haired individual showed no sign of capitulation. Indeed, for conviviality's sake, since his own store was deserted, he got into the habit in the evenings of dropping into the Flanagan saloon, where he made friends but no customers. When anyone asked him how long he was going to stop, in the circumstances, he looked worried and said he was waiting for the tide to turn; but he went on waiting. At the end of the seventh week Hawk began to grow impatient, and even started to make inquiries for a pitch elsewhere that would tempt Henry to move on. What hurt him most was that he was losing money because of the obstinacy of a fool. The tenth week Hawk felt it was growing really serious.

The occupants of Torn Valley had never had such an opportunity of cheap drinks. Many of them laid in considerable stores at the reduced rates, with one eye on the inevitable moment when Hawk's prices would soar up to their usual extortionate level; and it almost drove the storekeeper frantic to think what his methods were costing him. At the end of three months he started to rack his brain for some desperate way out of the difficulty. Obviously, the existing state of affairs could not go on indefinitely. Apart from the fact that it was fast reducing him to a nervous wreck, it was hitting him hard financially. His first move was a casual offer to buy Henry out, and Henry said he would think the matter over; but he seemed to be in no hurry. Gradually Hawk's patience began to vanish. One morning, in a vicious temper, he tore down the "half-price" sign, and determined to put up with the consequences. He had waited hand and foot on every Tom, Dick, and Harry in the place for three months without a penny profit. That, at least, should come to an end.

Before the day was over, however, when he found Henry Simpkins' store was beginning to do business, he strolled over to his rival and renewed his offer to buy the other up.

"But the tide's turned," replied Henry. "Why should I sell?"

Hawk gnashed his teeth. He made a quick mental calculation of how many thousand dollars he could lay his hands on, and then bid.

"Why, that's double what I started with," said Henry simply. "It's a deal. I'll take it." And within five minutes the shutters were put up.

A very red-headed youth celebrated a very good bargain in a very tempestuous way that evening in the Flanagan saloon. There seemed to be a general air of gaiety throughout the camp, but there was a subtle atmosphere of mystery with it all. The red-haired one was shepherded during the evening by staid Pete Swanley, but even Pete overstepped the mark a little that evening. Hawk, quick to notice signs of anything unusual in the camp, kept his eyes and ears wide open, hoping to get some hint of the undercurrent, but he was left in the dark until he had plied Pete to the brim with something out of a bottle, and the evening was so far advanced that there was nothing left of it.

"There seems to be a lot of money knocking about to-night," he began warily.

"Yes," responded Pete with a chuckle. "Henry's a good boy. He's a nephew to be proud of."

"Nephew!" exclaimed Hawk. "I never knew that."

"No," said Pete; "course you didn't, else you wouldn't have been so generous."

A chilly hand gripped Hawk by the heart. He felt instinctively that something had gone wrong, but he was floundering after the truth.

"How do you mean exac'ly?" he asked.

"Why," remarked Pete amiably, "we saw you were too dern open-handed when there was a rival in the field, and when I told the boys that Henry was coming out from England to join his old uncle we arranged to start that little opposition store among us. Mind you, Hawk, we bear you no ill-feelin', 'cos we've had a cheap time this three months, and it might have run for another three if you hadn't put your prices up again. All the same, you came down handsome at the finish, and it's been equally divided among us."

Hawk choked audibly. Nobody was in the mood to worry about his feelings, but when the last customer had cleared out he sat on an upturned keg and cursed fate because man was so fashioned that he could not place himself in a corner and take a running kick at himself.

THE END.





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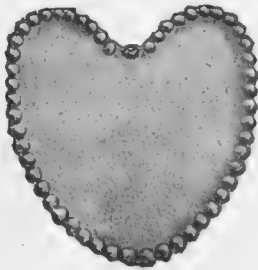
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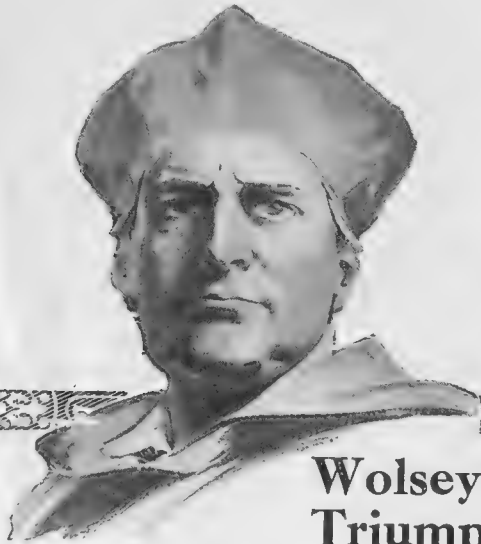
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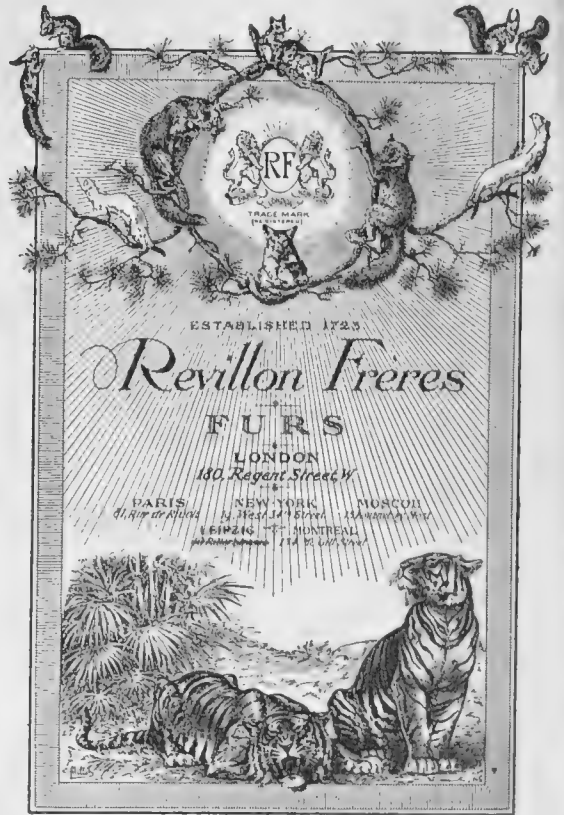
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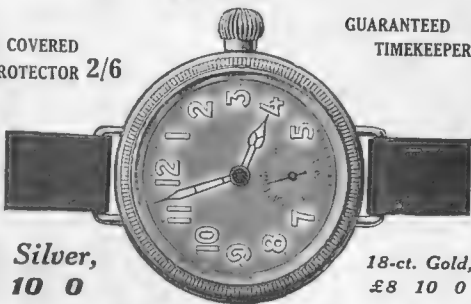
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*—Still going strong.*



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## WOMAN'S WAYS

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER

### Cheap Champagne and Expensive Tea.

A revered grandparent has often made gay my leisure-hours by telling me that, in her youth, six shillings a pound was the usual price for tea. It would seem as if we were returning to those prohibitive times, so that, while those who have a cellar full of champagne will undoubtedly consume it, tea will become "the" luxury, and will be prepared, as in Japan, as a sort of religious rite, and handed round, in tiny cups, with many ceremonies. If the amazing rise in price stops excessive tea-drinking, it will be to the good of the nation's physique. Most of us are abject slaves to tea; in future we should content ourselves with delicious cocoa and that strange beverage which goes by the name of coffee in England. The situation, as far as food and drink go, will be abnormal. The most luxurious things will be comparatively easy to come by, and we shall find ourselves presently in the position of those residents of Lucknow in the Indian Mutiny, who were short of everything except innumerable cases of *Veuve Cliquot*. The cigarette habit—which is becoming, in war-time, of disquieting proportions among girls—will also, it is hoped, receive a check.

### Altering the Scale.

With the coming of this stupendous taxation, it is obvious that the next ten years will see us adopting a very different scale of living from heretofore. We shall exist modestly and quietly, more like our thrifty French Allies, neither squandering ostentatiously nor omitting to make some provision for the future. For surely in July 1914 we had reached, as a people, the limit of extravagance and slackness. There was a kind of frenzy for change and excitement which, perhaps, forebode the coming tragedy. Children, as well as their elders, felt the excitement of the times. The desire for change and travel, for speed and noise, was omnipresent. At the Opera, sensational Ballet and Strauss's most sinister music carried all before them. Even school-children were not content with a summer holiday, but clamoured for the thrill of winter sports in Switzerland. The last place in which to find either a man or a woman was in their own home. The money spent on holidays, amusements, and entertaining was prodigious—even alarming. There was an absurd and unwritten law that you could not ask anyone to the theatre without a dinner first at a modish restaurant. In future, we must learn to amuse ourselves of an evening without disbursing an entire five-pound note.

### London Cheerful.

London, incorrigibly frivolous and cheerful London, finds it hard to make the Germans—and, indeed, the French—understand that, on the whole, it rather

enjoyed the excitement of the raids on the "Eastern counties." Seldom, indeed, has the town seemed fuller or more bustling. Such a fusillade overhead and such a dropping of bombs marked the advent of the new amenities of the twentieth century. It was all so like one of the tales of Mr. H. G. Wells (who, I hope, was in town to see it) that all schoolboys and Young Persons were thrilled to the very marrow. So, when I get letters from Paris which surmise that I am hiding in a cellar, and that it is impossible for reasonably precautions people to come over to our



AT THE PHOENIX PARK RACES: MRS. SAM POWER; AND THE MISSES O'BRIEN, DAUGHTERS OF SIR TIMOTHY O'BRIEN, BT.

Sir Timothy Carew O'Brien is the third Baronet; the first was specially elected Lord Mayor of Dublin to receive Queen Victoria on her first visit to the city, in 1849; and was M.P. for Cashel. In 1885, Sir Timothy married Gundrede Annette Teresa, sister of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bt. He has two sons and eight daughters.—[Photograph by Poole.]

capital, I feel not only astonished, but amused. Although economies will be practised, it is probable that the coming months will be busy, and tolerably gay.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Out of Their Own Mouths are They Condemned.

There has been a good deal of hysteria about Germany's flagrant violations of the laws of war. That is not good. People will not credit the hysterical. None realise this better than the French; and, very wisely, their exposure of the enemy's disgraceful actions is unimpassioned, a cold recital of facts, without any of the mere rumours born of hot blood. In other words, the case against the foe is put judiciously, and he stands condemned out of his own mouth. Nothing is better calculated to show the world, neutral and warring, that the Central Powers must be crushed if there is to be civilisation and not the dominance of the Blonde Beast. "It is hoped and believed that the nature of this evidence and the enormity of the crimes recorded will make it impossible hereafter for any short-sighted sentimentalists in our midst, or in neutral countries, to obtain a hearing when they advocate a policy of gentle magnanimity and kindly consideration towards the nation which has thus outraged the conscience of the civilised world."

### Shooting Wounded.

Once arraigned, the enemy cannot escape. The evidence in this book alone is more than enough to hang him. It is of two kinds. French officials and others testify on oath; and Germans testify through the lips of prisoners, and—most important of all—through soldiers' diaries found on the field of battle. Let us for the moment ignore the facts presented by our friends, and quote one or two of those provided by the foe in documents which the French Government will produce for inspection. First, there is a soldier of General Stenger's Brigade who wrote: "French prisoners and wounded are all shot, because they mutilate and ill-treat our wounded.—Brigade Order." Then, in the note-book of Sergeant-Major Bruchmann, of the 144th Regiment of Infantry, 16th Army Corps, is: "No quarter to be given to wounded Turcos."

### Burning and Shooting Civilians.

On Feb. 13 of this year a German prisoner in French hands made a deposition in which he said: "We broke into a house at Metten . . . we found nothing in the house but two women and a child. But my comrades said that the two women had fired, and we found some arms too, revolvers. . . . We brought the women out and took them to the Major, and then we were ordered to shoot the women. . . . When the mother was dead, the Major gave the order to shoot the child. . . ." In the note-book of Private Hassemer, of the 8th Army Corps, is: "Sept. 3. . . . A horrible bath of blood. The whole village burnt, the French thrown into the blazing houses, civilians burnt with the rest." This of Somme-Py.

### A "Brilliant Idea"!

Hear, further, the "brilliant idea" of Lieutenant A. Eberlein, a Bavarian, in a letter published in the "Vorabendblatt" of the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*: "We arrested three other civilians, and then I had a brilliant idea. We gave them chairs, and we then ordered them to go and sit out in the middle of the street. On their part, pitiful entreaties; on ours, a few blows from the butt-end of the rifle. . . . I pitied these fellows, but the method was immediately effective. The flank-fire from the houses quickly diminished. . . . Every living being who showed himself in the street was shot. . . ." So the enemy has shown that, as he put it recently, he is not playing a game, but is out to win—to win by any means, fair or foul. We have but touched upon the evidence in the book before us. It is unshakable and abundant.

"Germany's Violations of the Laws of War—1914-15." Compiled under the auspices of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. (Heinemann; 5s. net.)



AT THE PHOENIX PARK RACES: BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANCIS WALDRON, C.B., HANDICAPPER OF THE IRISH TURF CLUB; AND MRS. WATERS.

Brigadier-General Waldron, late of the Royal Artillery, served in the South African War, was mentioned in despatches, and was awarded the Queen's medal, with four clasps, and the King's medal, with two clasps, as well as the C.B.—[Photograph by Poole.]



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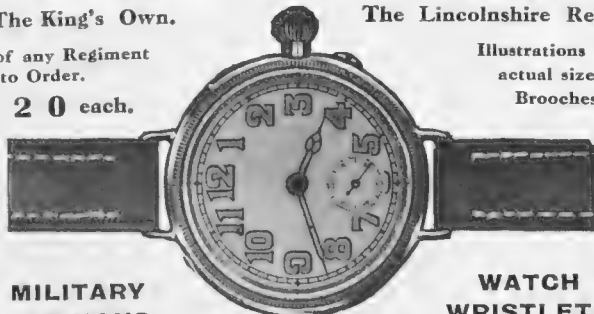
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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



**Taking the Cake from the Trenches.** The lads who are fighting do not forget their people at home. A lady I know had a birthday cake sent to her by her son, a Captain of Artillery at the Front. It was real Scotch shortbread, made by the Captain's soldier-servant, who had been second *chef* in an hotel. It was baked in a petrol-tin, and was iced with date and the son's name from "somewhere in France" in real icing sugar procured at great trouble. That was reversing the order of things—a cake from the Front. If you think the enjoyment of that cake was in the eating of it, you know little of the *genus* Mother. I should not be surprised if she had a model made of it for her own special delectation; and that it was on show until it was stale, I am very sure!



TOPPED WITH A WHITE POM-POM: ONE OF THE LATEST MODELS.

An original hat with a brim of black velvet and a crown of white taffeta gathered up under a white-fur pom-pom at the top.

from jewellers and stationers. As this is the centenary year of the firm of Mordan, they have chosen the above name for this ideal soldier's pencil, one of which officers cordially approve as a real implement for ready writing. Gifts of these pencils are most keenly appreciated. An illustrated pamphlet describing them may be had from S. Mordan and Co., Ltd., 41, City Road, E.C.

## The Dear and Gentle Hun.

A German who has lived among us since the war began, and who is now back in the Fatherland, writes to a Hamburg paper to say how kind we were to him. His doctor offered to look after his health for nothing; his trades-people paid him special attentions; a Member of Parliament took some of his time, paid for at the rate of a pound and something odd per day, to forward the interests of this gentle German, and his letter appears where columns of hate were wont to sear the very type. Now, is this dear and cooing dove of a Hun airing his real sentiments, or is he trying to get ours?

## We are All Going to Coventry.

Dame Fashion decrees that this is to be a ribbon year; and so we are all going gaily to Coventry, where the mileage in ribbons is immense. They are to be out-of-the-way ribbons: you could play chess or draughts, in spare moments, on some of them; others look like maps with the Allies' lines clearly defined; many have the picot edge, and these are used for jaunty quasi-military decorations on felt, or beaver, or velours hats; then there are silver-and-gold ribbons, and copper ribbons, which might turn the enemy verdigris-green with envy; there are aluminium ribbons, and gun-metal ribbons, and ribbons of all sorts and sizes. Even if we

had to pay taxes for our Paris hats, we could have got our own back by trimming them with English ribbons!

## Heads on Chargers.

The turned-down collar open at the neck is doomed, and quite time, too; hot sun and east wind had made women look as if there had been an epidemic of mustard plasters, and the pretty white throat, whether column-like, swan-like, or soft and dimpled, was fading into a myth. Now the throat is to be swathed stock-like; and, above it, frills of white muslin, lawn, or cambric. The effect, when the fabric is stiff and plain, is rather charger-like; but then the head is so neat, and pretty, and alluring.



SO SNUG AND BECOMING: A RUSSIAN CAP. A Russian cap made of emerald-green-and-silver brocade with a band of ermine surrounding the face.

## The Real Economists.

We are all preparing for our winter campaign—a pleasant time in the homes of Britain; a time, too, when the mistresses of those homes like them to look their best, and to look their own best in them. In war-time we cannot have new curtains and carpets and furnishings, new dresses, or suits of clothes for the men, doing their duty at home, *ad libitum*. We can, however, have our things renovated by employing the services of P. and P. Campbell's Perth Dye Works, whose processes, for making worn things look and feel fresh and new, have been perfected through the experience of a century. Nor is this famous firm deterred from changing the faces of our old friends by a dearth of dyes made in Germany; they continue to turn out most satisfactorily the newest shades, as well as the well-known and well-liked standard colours. Their cleaning processes are suited to all fabrics, from the most delicate silks to the warmest and thickest of tweeds. Anyone who desires to make a study of converting old things to new should write for a book of suggestions and prices to P. and P. Campbell, Perth, or any of their 5000 agencies.



THE VOGUE OF THE HIGH CROWN: A NEW HAT.

One of the new high-crowned hats of black silk-beaver trimmed with a band of plaited silver braid tied in a bow in the front, the ends being finished with large silver tassels.

The excellent photographs of "The Ware Case" which appeared in *The Sketch* of Sept. 29 were by Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

With regard to two photographs, published in our issue of Sept. 29, of Post Office Savings Bank girls who are in the Women's Reserve Ambulance, the Commanding Officer of that body informs us that the statement that a member of the W.R.A. is going to the Dardanelles as a motor-transport driver is incorrect. Our information was supplied by the photographer. The Commanding Officer also considers that we made it appear that the W.R.A. draws all its members from the Post Office Savings Bank—a meaning which our note was not intended to bear. "We draw our members," she adds, "from all classes of the community. We are holding our first public meeting at the Bechstein Hall on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 12, when the chair will be taken by her Highness the Ranee of Sarawak." This meeting should be largely attended, and is likely to prove of real service to an organisation which is already doing valuable work.





By Appointment.

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(SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD)

**Strengthens.  
Nourishes.  
Improves the  
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It is most essential not to overburden the digestive organs with a heavy diet; at the same time, it is equally essential to keep the body well nourished.

As a substitute for meat from the point of view of health and economy, St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is invaluable.

It is very delicious in flavour and appetising in appearance. Economical to use, as there is no rind or waste.

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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## PETROL, PROFIT, AND THE NEW TAX: IMPORTED CARS AND BRITISH CARS.

### The Rise in Petrol.

Motorists were the first to respond to their country's call when the war broke out, and are nothing if not patriotic; hence the imposition of an extra threepence on the petrol tax, disclosed in Mr. McKenna's Budget, was accepted without demur. To the average car-owner, nevertheless, it has come as something of a surprise that it is not merely threepence more per gallon which he will have to pay, but fivepence. In other words, the price of first-grade spirit has risen to 2s. 2d., and the second quality is now 2s., as compared with 1s. 9d. and 1s. 7d. respectively before the Budget was announced. These added prices, moreover, were put on by the retailer before he had cleared his stock of spirit which he had laid in at the old rates. What is the reason?

### What the Traders Say.

In justification of this apparent inconsistency the retailers contend that they have only the same margin of profit as before, albeit with an increased outlay per gallon, and that in actual figures they now make slightly over two per cent. less than before. As to the immediate advance in prices on existing stocks, they point out that they have to bear in mind what will happen when the war is over and the extra threepence is withdrawn. Immediately the war tax is removed they will have to sell at the reduced figure, although the full duty of sixpence has been paid on the stock in hand. The petrol-importers, on their part, attribute the new prices to various causes. They say that the increase of interest on outlay and bad debts owing to the added duty is one justification, and also lay stress on the question of leakage. Duty is paid on the spirit as it is taken from the bonded stores, but it is then put into railway tank-cars and steel barrels to be sent to the country distributing stations. In this process, and afterwards while filling two-gallon cans, there is a considerable leakage from evaporation. A loss, therefore, on spirit for which sixpence per gallon duty has been paid is double the loss of the preceding period, and as a matter of fact amounts to a very considerable item. All these facts and figures are plausible enough so far as concerns the difference in the position which has been created by a doubled duty. No doubt there will be those who contend that

the margin of profit on the sale of petrol was already too large at the prices which ruled before the first duty of threepence was imposed; but that, of course, is a separate subject for discussion,

### A Curious Volte Face.

When first the Budget scheme was unfolded the *Westminster Gazette* defended the duty on imported cars on the ground that it in no way protected, all the manufacturers of cars being engaged on munition work. With no small surprise, therefore, one discovered in a recent issue that the journal named had made a complete volte face. "The motor-car industry, for example," it averred, "is supposed to be so completely mobilised for munitions that for all practical purposes it is out of the market. We should like to see that hypothesis carefully verified, and, if it is not exact, we hope Mr. McKenna will put an equivalent excise on the home-made car." Heaven knows the British motor industry has had enough to contend with of late, but this last suggestion out-herods Herod. In the first place, so far as careful verification is concerned, the editor of the *Westminster Gazette* may be invited to try to secure a new British car from any factory—Japhet in search of a father had a much milder task. Secondly, it may be pointed out to the writer of this singular leader that British cars are already taxed more heavily than any other manufactured product. Apparently he has no bones to pick with the idea of a horse-drawn brougham paying one guinea per annum; but considers that a car is let off lightly with a six-guinea or even greater tax, and sixpence on every gallon of petrol used. Moreover, a sense of consistency is not conveyed by saying one thing one day and the opposite soon after, nor is it aught but a Rip Van Winkle attitude which regards the motor-car as an article of luxury when it has long since been proved to be a practical necessity. Meanwhile, the motor industry will doubtless treasure this kindly suggestion of increased taxation for their future edification.

### Not Wholly Commandeered.

A rumour appears to have gained general circulation to the effect that the works of Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co., of Acton and Birmingham, have been entirely taken over by the Government. The firm naturally wishes it to be known, however, that, while it is working under the direct control of the Ministry of Munitions, and in that capacity is executing very large contracts for the Government, it is still able to fulfil orders, without undue delay, for "C.A.V." specialties, having just completed and equipped further extensions to their factory at Acton. The total area of the firm's factories now covers over seven acres.



DRIVING A MOTOR-KITCHEN AT THE FRONT: MRS. ILTID NICHOLL (MISS VERA BUTLER).

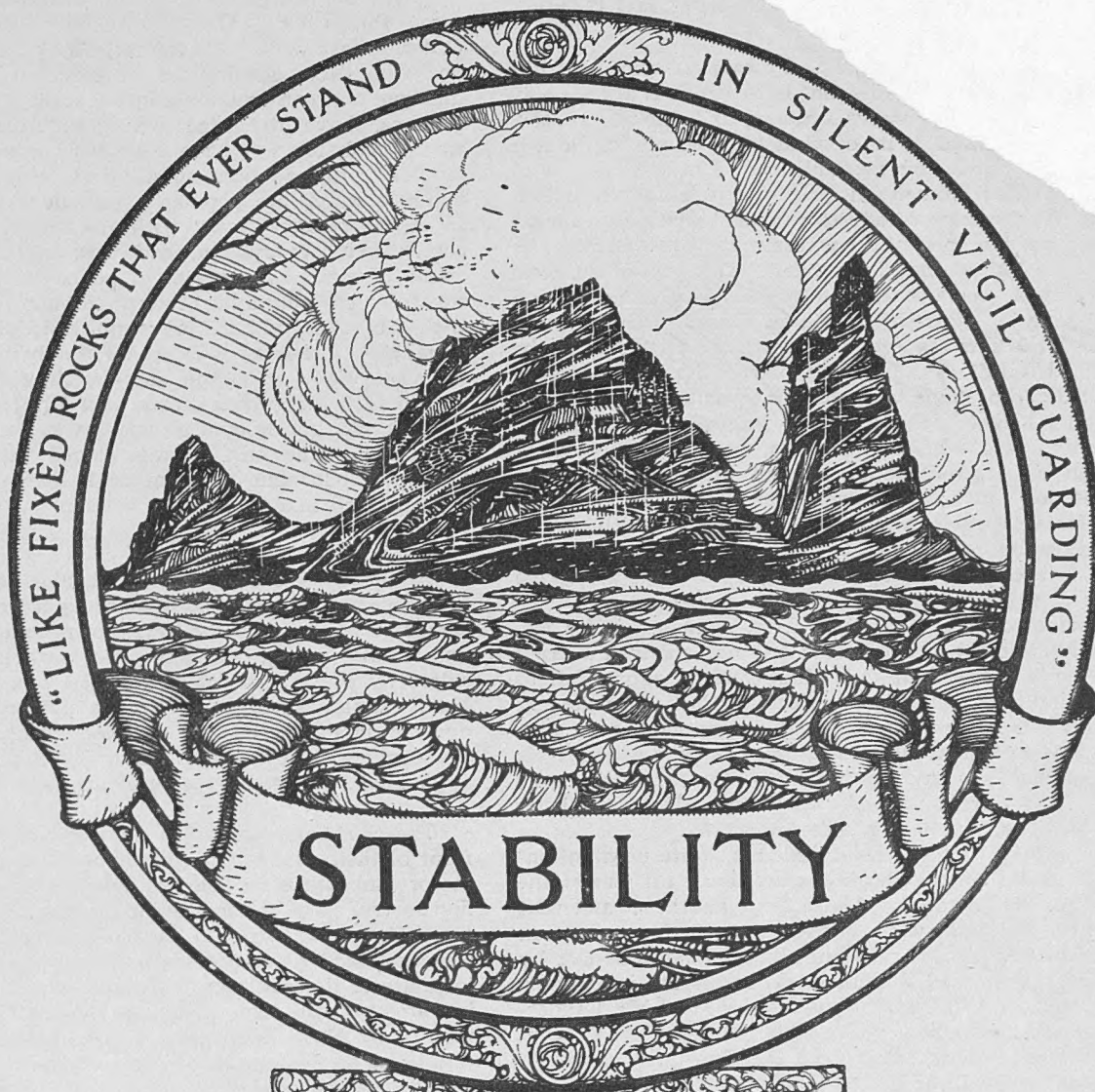
Mrs. Iltid Nicholl, daughter of Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, was one of the three founders of the Aero Club (now the Royal Aero Club), and has been called its fairy godmother. Her husband is serving on the Staff of the British Expeditionary Force. She herself has been doing Red Cross work since the beginning of the war—taking wounded in her car from train to hospital. Lately she has been at the Front, driving a 35-h.p. Daimler motor-kitchen presented by the people of Sheffield to the West Riding Division. This is appropriate, for she was the first Englishwoman to obtain a certificate to drive a car in France.



ACTRESSES AS MECHANICS: MISS BETTY FAIRFAX AND MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE (ON THE RIGHT) PUTTING A WHEEL ON THEIR MOTOR-CYCLE SIDE-CAR AFTER MENDING A PUNCTURE.

The photograph was taken when Miss Fairfax and Miss Arundale were out for a motor-cycle trip "on their own" in the country. Miss Arundale is by way of being an excellent mechanic.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]





## STABILITY

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## THEATRES.

...is a musical comedy in the...—that is to say, it is a little play...intervals a song and dance. Indeed, it had in its original form no music; and it was improved by the addition. The story is one of a man who avoided women on principle, but found himself with a feminine composer who had written an air he could not resist; and, in spite of an agreement to the contrary, he found himself at the end unable to resist her. This part of the little play was done with a gentle sentiment by Miss Fay Compton and Mr. Kenneth Douglas. The rest was the adventure of three young men who married three wives and were sorry for it. One of the wives, a glum and dowdy creature, was played by a new actress, Miss Ethel Baird, who made a great hit; and Miss Madeline Seymour and Miss Mabel Twemlow acted brightly as the others. Mr. Davy Burnaby, as one of the husbands, was excellent both as an actor and singer; and, altogether, the six husbands and wives were responsible for much well-earned merriment. In addition, there was Miss Mabel Russell in most vivacious mood, with several bright songs and dances, and a small but excellent chorus to support her. The play, which comes from America and has some attractive music by Mr. Victor Herbert, ought to make a success.

The new Lyceum drama, "Between Two Women," is by Mr. Frederick Melville, who for this occasion has not confined himself to being merely a producer. It is a characteristic effort, full of strong scenes and murders, and plenty of comic relief. For the last of these Mr. Newman Maurice is responsible, and he has, in particular, a long scene as a shopwalker in a draper's shop which rivals anything to be found in any pantomime. His turns are very popular, and provide a great deal of amusement. The story itself is full of complications, and two people are wrongly suspected of murders done by others. One of the murderers (quite unintentionally) is a self-sacrificing curate who keeps his secret till almost the end, and then dies. He loves a girl who loves another; and that other is loved in a wild and wicked way by a villainess who, on being spurned, does her best to ruin him, but is melted at last by the recovery of her own long-lost child. Thus all the ingredients of successful melodrama are present in abundance, and Mr. Lauderdale Maitland, Miss Agnes Dillon, Miss Alice Belmore, Mr. William Lugg, and Messrs. Fred Morgan and Cecil Du Gue (as a couple of very black villains) make the most of their opportunities.

With all the goodwill in the world, it is difficult to prophesy great things for "The Stormy Petrel," which appeared at the Criterion last week. Its author, Mr. W. Strange Hall, is obviously one who cares nothing for progress on the stage. His ideas of dialogue and construction and situation are of the kind which may, perhaps, have delighted our grandfathers; though even they would probably not have been very much thrilled. A tyrannical landlord who had been an Admiral brought to estate management manners which are popularly, though probably wrongly, described as of the quarter-deck; with the result that he got into violent conflict with everybody, and was only brought to a reasonable frame of mind by the fear of police-court proceedings. The play turned chiefly round his attempt to bully his daughter into marriage with a baronet, and the successful resistance organised by his step-daughter—a resistance in which the baronet gave useful help by falling in love with the step-daughter. Miss Margaret Halstan played with a dignified charm, and Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, as the baronet, was gently cynical, and a very fair imitation of Sir Charles Wyndham. The Admiral was played with vigour by Mr. Arthur Chesney; but none of them could make much of this most unsophisticated and elementary little play.

An instructive and practical booklet on "Military and Naval Service Kit" and the essentials of equipment for the coming winter campaign is issued by the well-known high-class tailoring firm, Pope and Bradley, of 14, Old Bond Street, who were, as it is stated, consulted by the War Office in regard to fixing a standard quality of khaki for the Territorials. Details and prices of the best and most durable quality khaki and complete equipment tables are given in the booklet, which officers present and prospective can obtain on application. A useful section of the book deals with officers' mufti.

The Sunbeam Motor-Car Company recently despatched to the front of their own accord gramophones as gifts to various Sunbeam motor ambulance sections, to relieve the monotony, which drivers find so trying, of the long hours of waiting for instructions. "The gramophones will help to pass many weary hours," the Captain of a section has written in response, adding that "the drivers are loud in praise of the Sunbeam cars, with which they never have trouble, in spite of fearful roads with large shell-holes added. Many wounded men praise their comfortable journey down from the trenches, the cars being so well sprung. They are the class of goods one is proud to see 'British made' on."

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